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THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: DEFEAT OF THE INVADING FORCE AT SUMMERHOUSE HILL, FOLKESTONE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The charitable but eccentric philosopher who has been contending that "the Americans are not wanting in reverence" has now, indeed, a hard task before him. People are proposing in Philadelphia to alter the laws of cricket! Fortunately one has to write it, instead of say it, for it fairly takes one's breath away. Let us hope they do not know what they are doing in suggesting such a sacrilege. Cricket, it is true, did not "come in with the Flood"—that was the epoch of aquatics and the boat-races—but the ancient Persians played it, under the name of *chugan*, though, it is true, on horseback; and ever since (with an interval only of a few thousand years) it has been growing in respect and worship. While the divinity which hedges kings has got a gap or two in it, this royal game has become more and more sacred. To speak of change in connection with it is shocking. There may have been something underhand about it at one time, but that is past and gone, an "over": it is now perfection. The new proposals are that the game shall consist of six completed turns on each side, the first to end with the fall of the third wicket, the second with that of the sixth—but why should we quote more of these sacrilegious suggestions?

We want no change, and, least of all, such change as you can give us, the words used in "Pizarro" (and also by its author to the turnpike man who stopped his carriage), may well be applied to such audacious innovators. Let us hope that their devices will be stamped—no, "stamped"—out.

King Theebaw, late of Burmah, like some of our British noblemen in reduced circumstances, has gone into the advertisement line, only, instead of puffing pills, he puffs cheroots. He has been giving a testimonial to a tobacco-merchant, which is really a model of literary composition, not Johnsonian, but yet on the grandest scale. He attributes the loss of his kingdom to having smoked cheap, or at all events bad, cheroots. "My late father, the Royal Mindon Min," he says, "the golden-footed lord of the white elephant, master of a thousand gold umbrellas," etc., "always smoked the Esoof cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull-faced, earth-swallowing English. Had I done the same, I should never have lost my throne, but I used the trash they sent me" (a rival brand) "from San Francisco, and I fell!" This is really excellent, and throws our finest advertisements into the shade. No doubt his ex-Majesty gets his "Esoof cigars" for nothing from "our esteemed and unseen brother" (itself a much better phrase than "our well-beloved cousin") "J. E. Brown, of Honolulu." It is satisfactory to reflect that, upon Royal authority, there is still some good tobacco to be got somewhere. No one who is acquainted with club circles can be unaware that there is now no good port, sherry, champagne, or tobacco to be got anywhere—except by one's informant, as a great favour, and at a prohibitive price. He will tell you about it any night after dinner, and at considerable length.

The well-known phrase "you are eating nothing," addressed by host to guest in the language of hospitable exaggeration, can be literally applied to Signor Succi at the Aquarium. What seems still more extraordinary is that "he complacently sits at table while his watchers are taking their meals." This shows conclusively to my mind that he is not hungry, for otherwise no human being could evince so angelic a disposition. He loses pounds and pounds without a murmur, which other people are not found to do at any game. It is probable, in spite of the proverb that a man is ruled through his palate, that he would make a good husband. If he has not proved this theory already, we would respectfully draw the attention of Mdlle. Marie Bouriou, commonly called La Jeunesse, of Bourdeilles, to so eligible a *parti*. For she, if we are to believe the French newspapers, has taken nothing but water for ever so long. It is true this is only what tiplers tell us who have become teetotalers, but in her case she eschews food (though it sounds like a contradiction in terms) altogether. She doesn't even mix the water with an elixir, as M. Succi does, "making believe," no doubt (as the Marchioness did with the orange-peel), that it is something "stiff," and stirring it round with a spoon. A union between these two gifted beings seems to be called for alike by romance and science. If there is anything in "heredity" at all, their descendants should be temperate indeed; and upon what economical principles would their housekeeping be conducted! In process of time all those financial difficulties which now stand in the way of true love would disappear from the earth; the butcher, the baker, and the greengrocer would, it is true, disappear also; but the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" would be achieved. Number itself, indeed—that sad quotient of early marriages—would become of no consequence, and (except by mathematicians) be disregarded. On the other hand, we should lose some things. The cry of a "cheap breakfast table" would no longer be one "to go to the country with," much less to London (where one seldom eats breakfast even now); the latest satire upon the extortion of the restaurants, "no dessert—three shillings," would be robbed of its sting; and the hospitable quotation "May good digestion wait on appetite!" would lose its meaning.

Though many of us, alas! are not young, our salad days are not over. Indeed, notwithstanding Monsieur Vilmoren's ill opinion of us in that matter, we English take to salads much more willingly than we used to do, and for a good reason—because they are better made. He is mistaken in supposing that we need information as to what is vulgarly called "green meat": it is possible that, if driven to extremity, we might use dandelions, but we shall prefer to take his word for their excellence, rather than those dainties themselves. We have plenty of good material for salads, but in the country people do not understand the necessity for tying up their lettuces: they let them expand like umbrellas,

so that the London ones (i.e. those grown for Covent-garden) are always the best. The curly-tailed thing called endive, and spelt, endive, is as poor a substitute for lettuce as blackcock is for grouse; yet that is too often all one gets at this season, even at otherwise good tables. But what is most generally amiss with salads in England is the mixing of them. They want a delicate and careful hand, which our cooks seldom have. Some butlers have the knack of it, but it is the proper office of the young ladies of the house, and a much more commendable art than some on which they usually plume themselves. They never look more charming than when employed in this hospitable task when we are "staying to dinner." If Solomon were now editing his "Proverbs," he would write: "There is one thing, nay, there are two things, for which the soul of man is disquieted at an hotel—the mint sauce and the salad." The former has always too little mint in it, and not enough sugar, and both are drowned in floods of vinegar. Charles Dickens used to say that you could always tell the character of an hotel by an inspection of its cruet-stand. In inns, otherwise good, the oil was, in his time, often detestable. It is fair to say, however, that there has been a great improvement of late in this respect; and we can now make the hotel salad, if necessary, for ourselves. As for the decoction called "salad mixture," in dreadful bottles with rims round their necks (for fear, one supposes, the thing will slip), it is now seldom seen. English salad-makers are generally too chary of their oil, and shrink from that "suspicion" of onion "lurking within the bowl," without which no perfection can be obtained, because, they say, "some ladies do not like it." It is my experience that the most fastidious ladies like it, if you only give them your word of honour that it is not there.

Lovers of the picturesque are not in general in favour of any scheme of convenience that injures natural scenery, but the "lift" that now takes us from Lynmouth to Lynton must be forgiven. It "works" in the most beautiful locality in all England (Sonthey tells us "in all the world except Cintra"), but the hill, which it enables tourists to surmount, is really too steep for human legs. There are no actual "precipices" at Lynton, but the "gradients" are such that one wonders the inhabitants are not afflicted with "that curse of mountainous regions, the goitre." It would be a great advertisement if one of them could manage to have one. The roads in the neighbourhood are all as perpendicular "as they make them." The coaches run with both skids and drags, and I can remember when an old shoe was always thankfully received by their Jehus, not for luck, but to supplement the skids, the woodwork of which was constantly being worn away. But that "pull" between Lynmouth and Lynton was worse than all. There were donkeys on hire—poor brutes!—it is true, but one felt a brute to ride them. Lynton is almost the only beautiful spot in England that has not been "built over." It looked exactly the same to me last year as it did forty years ago; though the difference (alas!) in its visitor was considerable. I had a companion who always flies to Switzerland and Italy for scenery, but who, with enraptured gaze, confessed at once that there would be no need in future to go so far afield. But Lynton needs no "lift" from him or any man, save the one it has now got.

For an hotel associated mainly with "the flowing bowl" to go into "liquidation" is not perhaps wholly inappropriate, but many will be sorry to read that the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich is in that condition. Its "effects" were sold the other day by order of the Court of Chancery. I don't know how long it has existed, but I remember my first dinner there as if it were yesterday. I was then a boy at a "cramming" school at Woolwich, and some injudicious Amphitryon sent me an invitation to a banquet there. I was the only guest of tender years, but my appetite was better than anybody's. The house, with its rooms inscribed with the names of our naval heroes, and its look-out on the crowded river; the brilliantly furnished table; the open windows, with their balconies, all impressed me greatly. A good-natured divine sat next to me, who gently suggested that two plates of turtle soup were unusual, and two glasses of punch a little hazardous. Later in the evening, he said that I should find it "a relief" to wet my ears with a napkin dipped in rosewater, a remedy from which, through life, he had always found great advantage. Unhappily, I did not "live" to the rosewater stage of the proceedings, for, though I saw more things than most people (indeed, exactly double), I never saw the end of that banquet—the whole affair became a splendid but broken dream. Perhaps I was taken back to Woolwich, as in the "Arabian Nights," upon "an enchanted carpet"; I knew nothing about it; but I remember that the awakening the next morning was far from splendid. In later years I grew to be more prudent at those Trafalgar feasts, when every man was expected to "do his duty," without the alternatives of "a Peerage or Westminster Abbey." They were not, perhaps, quite so good as (at the price) they ought to have been, and the getting home, unless you were early and returned by water, or (oh, joy!) your host had thoughtfully provided a private steam-boat, was an immense nuisance; but there was something separate and peculiar about them which made them preferable to dinner-parties elsewhere. The river scenes, the open air, and the comparative freedom from conventionality were, perhaps, their real attractions. Ladies always enjoyed them, especially the young ones, and to behold their pleasure was an enjoyment in itself. None of the kind who "cannot endure the smell of tobacco" was ever invited.

What memories of genial mirth hang about the old Trafalgar, where so many men of letters have "taken their case in their inn"! It was, upon the whole, their favourite summer haunt. The days marked with the whitest stone were not those of its big dinners, but of its small extempore ones, when J—or D—or T—would suddenly exclaim:

"It is a fine afternoon: what do you say to the Trafalgar?" and his friend would answer "Yes" effusively. Ah me! the days that are no more! However, perhaps the Trafalgar will arise from its dip (in liquidation) like Venus from the wave; or, as was prophesied of its own "Royal George" (the little room on the left, if I remember right), be "weighed up" again.

THE EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES.

After three or four days of the finest weather for marching and campaigning, bright, dry, and sunny, with a rather cold wind, the forenoon of Easter Monday proved stormy, with fierce and sudden blasts of wind and drenching rains, most uncomfortable for the Volunteer corps and the spectators of their military manoeuvres on the hills of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire. In the afternoon, when those performances were over, the weather was very pleasant.

Notwithstanding this drawback to the holiday show, the military exhibition in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth was of a highly interesting character. The battle of Brown-down, as it has been called, between General Stirling, with a defending force, and the invaders, under Lord Abinger, who were assisted by a naval brigade under Captain Compton Domville, R.N., was fought from early in the morning until noon. Lord Abinger sent forward his right brigade, which on reaching the Brown-down rifle ranges were met by Colonel Crease's troops, which retired before them till Colonel Fraser's men captured Fort Gomer. Colonel Crease still drew back. When the invaders reached the river Alver they found the bridges destroyed, and had to make a *détour*. General Stirling then had them in a trap, and the invaders, with the sea in their rear and the Alver on the left, had to capitulate. The naval operations in connection with the engagement were particularly worthy of note. Besides the flotillas of gunboats assisting the invaders, there was another co-operating with the defenders. It had been intended that the former should land a naval brigade to act with the Volunteers; but the rough sea prevented this for a time, and, while Captain Domville's gunboats were shelling those places on land which were held by General Stirling's men, that General's gunboats came up on their flank, opened fire, and compelled them to withdraw, but only temporarily, as the attacking flotilla was reinforced and the others were driven back. The wind and the sea having somewhat moderated, the bluejackets landed, dragged their guns to the front, opened fire, and by their timely aid, according to some accounts, had just turned the fortune of war against the defenders, when the "Cease fire" sounded. The Duke of Cambridge and other high military officials witnessed this sham fight, which was one of the most instructive.

Stanmer Downs was the scene of the sham fight with the Brighton Force. The Hon. Artillery Company and the First London Engineers were engaged on the one side, and the Naval Brigade and some Sussex and Middlesex Volunteers on the other, a troop of Hussars being attached to each force. During the fight rain fell heavily, and the hills were enveloped in mist; but after the battle the sun shone out brilliantly for the rest of the day. The London division returned to town by train.

The operations on the Downs at Eastbourne were conducted in almost continuous rain. The Volunteers were divided into opposing forces under Colonel Bevington and Colonel Villiers, and at the close of the fighting, which lasted three hours, the troops marched past General Hamilton, who was in supreme command.

At Colchester, after waiting till the rain ceased, a four hours' sham fight between various battalions of Essex Volunteers and some regular troops took place on Dowland Heath. The City of London Rifles had a sham fight with Hampshire corps near Winchester, and there was a field-day between Surrey and Sussex Volunteers at Chichester.

The manoeuvres at Folkestone came to an end with a sham fight in the neighbourhood of Caesar's Camp. Heavy and squally weather prevailed during the whole time. The South London Volunteer Brigade was divided into an invading and defending force, the former under the command of Colonel Stracey, and the latter under Colonel Fraser, R.E., the London Scottish coming over from Dover to take part in the operations. The invading force marched up the hillsides in a storm of wind and rain, and took up a strong position at Caesar's Camp, from which the defenders endeavoured to dislodge them. The signal to begin fighting was given at eleven o'clock. The London Scottish were the first to get within fighting reach of the position. Seeing what the weather was like at the time, the stiff ascent they had to make, and the slippery condition of the chalk-ruts, the kilted men came on grandly, and yet not in a rash manner. Their formation was well kept, their fire was well directed, the chances of cover well taken, and their movement so swift that the West London Battalion, in the front, wisely withdrew step by step as the attack came up, closing in towards the centre, which Colonel Stracey had made his stronghold. Meanwhile, Colonel Howard-Vincent had been equally active on his left with the Westminsters, and Colonel Bird, with his two mixed battalions, in the centre, though the latter was not so quick in mounting the exceptionally steep slopes in his front as his fellow-Commanders had been. Finally, it appeared that the vigour of the attack was too much for the defence of Caesar's Camp, where, at last, outnumbered by men and weight of artillery, the invaders were defeated shortly before one o'clock. The cyclists, both Volunteer and Regular, were in the field in considerable force, and did such work as lay in their power. One section of the forces which found the day a very trying one was the signallers. How they kept their little flags on the bare hillsides in such a powerful wind as frequently burst upon them was marvellous. It was in every sense a day to put Volunteers upon their mettle, and they responded well to the call made upon them. At the close of the engagement the troops marched past, and most of them proceeded to Shorncliffe Station, whence they left in special trains for London.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., Governor of Bombay, to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

Earl Temple has been appointed President of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society for next year, when the exhibition will be held at Bath.

The Duke of Westminster on April 5 unveiled, and the Bishop of Chester dedicated, a fine window which the former has presented to the Church of St. John the Baptist, Chester. The Duchess of Westminster and many of the local clergy and gentry were present.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, who is an honorary D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, has forwarded £15 to the fund, of which Mr. C. S. Knaus, of Trinity College, is treasurer, now being raised for the renovation of the premises of the Oxford Union Society. His Royal Highness matriculated at Christ Church.



THE EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: CAPTURE OF CÆSAR'S CAMP, NEAR FOLKESTONE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1871), with a codicil (dated July 14, 1885), of Lieutenant-General Charles Baring, late of 36, Wilton-place, who died on Feb. 7 last, was proved on March 31 by Mrs. Helen Baring, the widow, and Captain Henry Baring, the brother, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £150,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence in Wilton-place, and the stables, all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, household and stable effects, and £1000 to his wife; and £100 to his executor, Captain Baring. He makes up the portions of each of his children (other than his eldest son) with what they will be entitled to under his marriage settlement to £10,000; and there are conditional annuities, in addition, to his daughters Mabel Grant and Olivia Baring, and a conditional further legacy to his daughter Mrs. Grant. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his eldest son, Godfrey.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1884) of Sir Robert Anstruther Dalrymple, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., late of 21, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, and of the India Office, Whitehall, who died on Jan. 18 last, at Edinburgh, was proved on March 29 by Ralph Dalrymple, C.B., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real

and personal estate to his said brother for his own use absolutely.

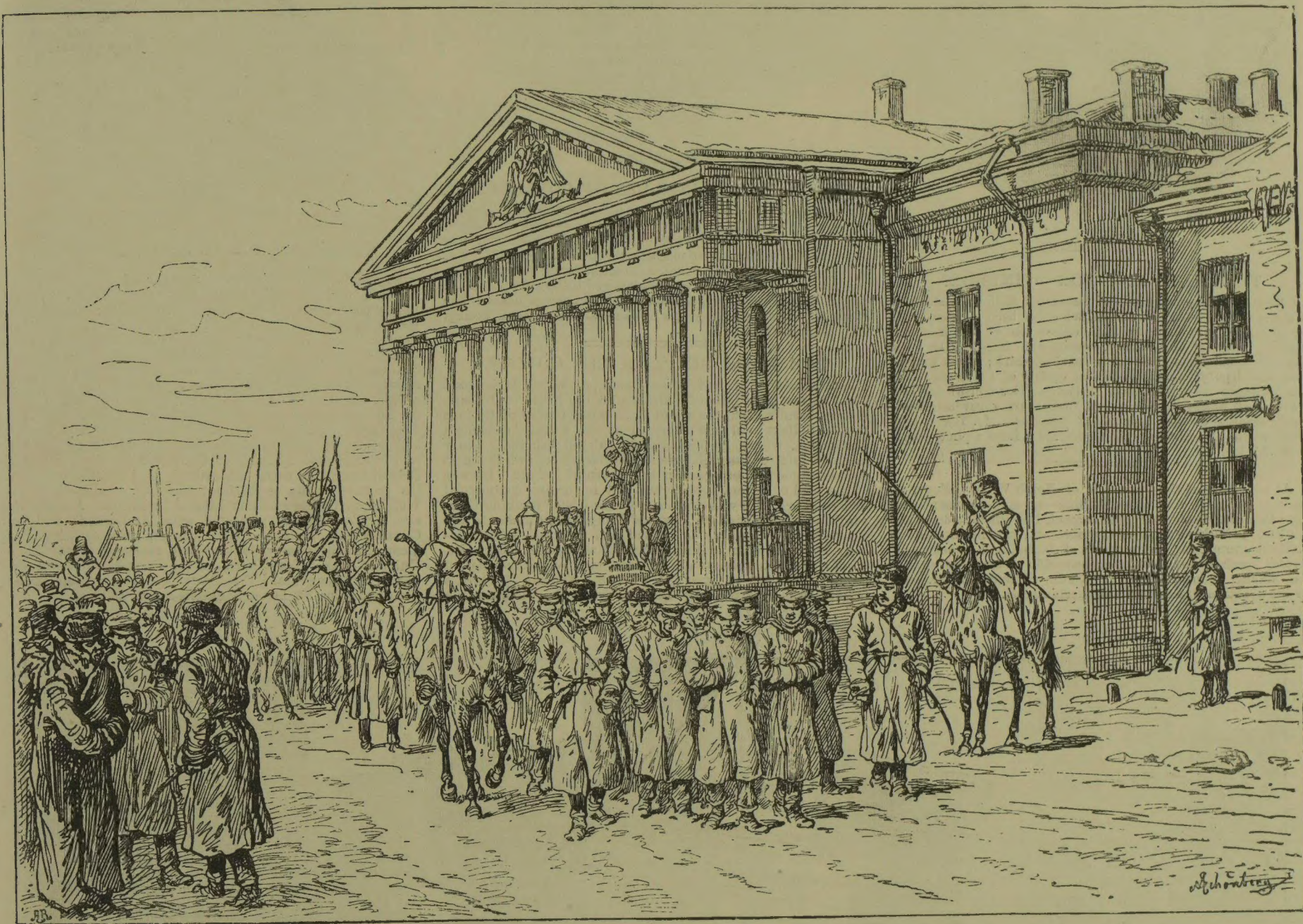
The will of the late Mr. John Peacock, who died on Feb. 24 last, of the firm of Messrs. Nurdin and Peacock, Wells-street, Oxford-street, egg-merchants, has been proved by his partner, Mr. P. A. Peacock (the testator's son), and Mr. John Peacock jun. (testator's grandson), the value of the personal estate being £74,935 11s. 6d. The testator settled his freehold residence at Willesden and the land enjoyed therewith upon his granddaughter, Mrs. James Johnston, and her children. And after bequeathing legacies to his daughter and grandchildren, the testator devised all his other real estate, and bequeathed his personal estate, to his son and four grandsons, partners with him in the firm.

The will (dated May 25, 1883), with two codicils (dated July 2, 1883, and July 16, 1886), of Mr. William Verrall, late of Southover, near Lewes, Sussex, who died on Jan. 12 last, was proved on March 18 by Alfred Willett, George Walter Willett, and the Hon. Sir William Grantham, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testator gives the Manor House, Southover, his brewhouse and malthouse, and certain messuages and lands to his son Francis; certain public-houses, beerhouses, lands and messuages to his said son, but charged with the payment of £208 per annum to his son William, and with the payment of £25 per annum to his last-named son's wife, to be increased to £50 per annum if she survive

her husband; and there are also specific gifts of lands and messuages to his daughters, Georgiana Thorpe Synnot and Charlotte Harriet Rigden, and to his said son William. All his plant, stock-in-trade, book debts, loans to publicans, and the residue of his real estate he leaves to his son Francis. He bequeaths £1500, upon trust, for his son William, for life; and there are specific and pecuniary legacies to members of his family, executors, stokers, and others, including one guinea to each man in his service and a round frock, and half a guinea to each boy in his service and a round frock. As to the residue of his personal estate, he gives one third to his son Francis, and one third to each of his said two daughters.

The will (dated March 31, 1877), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1887), of George Mansell Collings, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., late of Rugby Lodge, Norham-road, Oxford, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on March 27 by Joseph Collings, the father, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £29,000. The testator, subject to the payment of £50 per annum to a nephew until he succeeds to a share in his estate, leaves the income of his personal estate to his father, for life, then to his mother, Mrs. Catherine Lukis Collings, for life, and then to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Alice Merry, wife of the Rev. William Walter Merry, D.D., for life. On the death of the survivor of his father, mother, and sister he bequeaths his personal estate to his nephews and nieces, the children of his said sister.

The will (dated March 9, 1887), with a codicil (dated



THE AGITATION IN RUSSIA: ARREST OF STUDENTS AT THE MINING ACADEMY, ST. PETERSBURG.

June 12, 1889), of Mr. Abraham James Clarke, late of Cleveland House, 13, Highbury New-park, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 25 by William Clarke, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. There are special legacies to or upon trust for his children Emily Turner, James, John, and Walter, and for the children of his son Charles Daniel; and a legacy and an annuity to his servant, Mary Ann Davies. The residue of his property he gives to his son William.

Queen Victoria has greatly benefited in health during her stay at Aix-les-Bains, her Majesty taking frequent drives and walks.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., in the chair, rewards amounting to £147 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during March. The Rhosneigr life-boat rescued ten men from the wrecked barque Pasteur, of Arendal; the Hauxley life-boat rendered assistance to the stranded s.s. Hayle, of Aberdeen; and the Winterton No. 2 and Palling No. 2 life-boats assisted to save the stranded s.s. Circassian Prince, of Aberdeen, and landed twenty-two of her crew. Rewards were granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life on our coasts; and payments amounting to £3100 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £500 from "A Friend," by the Duke of Fife, K.T.; £50 from Eleanor E. Wade; £3, collected by "Chico"; £9 13s. 7d., collected by Miss Dutton's champion St. Bernard bitch Grace, in aid of Port Isaac life-boat station; and £18 10s., contents of contribution boxes at the annual meeting of the institution. A new life-boat has been sent to Arklow, and the Port Patrick life-boat has been returned to its station, after being altered and fitted with all modern improvements.

STUDENTS' DISTURBANCES IN RUSSIA.

The discontent among the students of the University of St. Petersburg has broken out afresh. Being provoked by the refusal of Count Delianoff, Minister of Public Instruction, to receive the petition setting forth their grievances, which was to have been presented to him by M. Mendeleieff, Professor of Chemistry, on their behalf, the students became greatly excited, and all the efforts of the Curator, General Novikoff, to induce them to take no further action were ignored. Two or three hundred assembled with the intention of marching in a body to the Ministry of Public Instruction and presenting the petition themselves; but before they could carry out their purpose the police intervened and arrested 175 of them. Another procession, composed of pupils of the School of Mines and Forestry, who made common cause with the students of the University, was stopped by the police, who arrested a great number of these young men. Many of the students belonging to the Technological Institute have likewise been imprisoned for taking part in some meetings of a seditious character; and some arrests have been made at the Military Academy of Medicine, the pupils of which took the part of those of the University, and drew up complaints of the present educational system. At Moscow, of 100 students arrested in connection with the recent disturbances at the University there, fifteen have been handed over to the State police for trial as political revolutionists, forty-two have been finally expelled (though thirty-seven have the right of entering themselves at other Russian Universities), and forty-four have been subjected to various minor punishments. The remainder have been released.

The members of the National Union of Teachers have held their twenty-first annual conference at the Merchant Taylors' School, Charterhouse-square. On the opening day Mr. H. J. Walker, the newly elected president, gave an address on the chief educational topics of the year.

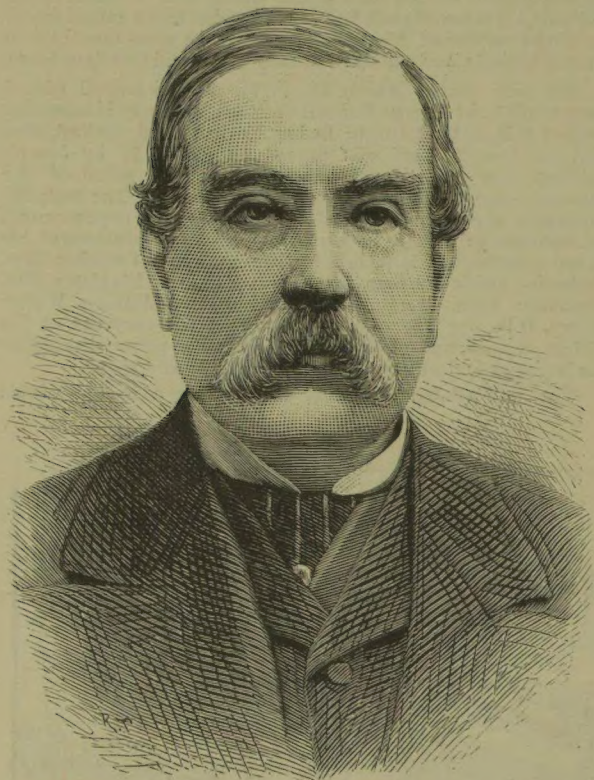
CURIOUS CUSTOM AT A CITY CHURCH.

A London City merchant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Peter Symondes, mercer, by his will and testament in 1586, made a bequest in trust to the Mercers' Company, out of which £3 2s. 8d., worth perhaps £30 in our days, was to be paid yearly to the Parson and Churchwardens of Allhallows or All Saints, Lombard-street. Half of this money was to be given on Good Friday to threescore of the children of Christ's Hospital, who were to come that morning to receive it in the chancel of the church. Besides the sixpence for each child, they were to get each a small packet of raisins. "And," says the testator, "although this gift may be thought very frivolous, yet my mind and meaning being hidden, may, notwithstanding, be performed, praying God to make those Children happy Members of the Commonwealth. Amen."

Amen, good Peter Symondes, to this day! Each of the boys also receives a new penny, and an Easter Card, given by the Churchwardens, to whom, and to the Clerk and Sexton of the church, and beadles of Christ's Hospital, small gratuities are expressly bequeathed for their pains in making the distribution. We give an Illustration of this curious old custom.

The Duke of Cambridge opened, on April 7, the Royal Portsmouth Military Exhibition, the object of which is to assist the fund now being raised for the benefit of soldiers' homes and institutes. The loan collection comprises nearly 1200 exhibits, in addition to which the armour in the gun wharf is on view.

George Perkins, late of Rotherhithe, but at present of Newcastle, rowed on April 5 against George Norvell, of Swathwell, a race over the championship course on the Tyne for a stake of £200. The race was at first very closely contested, Norvell taking the lead for some distance. Perkins put on a spurt, and got half a length ahead. The police-launch, while trying to get out of the way, nearly swamped Norvell's boat, and Perkins got away easily, winning by three lengths.



MR. F. T. BARRY.

THE NEW M.P. FOR WINDSOR.

Mr. Francis Tress Barry of St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, and of Keiss Castle, Wick, Caithness, who has been elected M.P. for Windsor, was born in 1825, eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Barry of The Priory, Orpington, Kent. He is a magistrate and county alderman for Berkshire; also a magistrate and deputy lieutenant of the county of Caithness. He was formerly her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul for the Province of Biscay, in Spain, and was, during several years, Consul-General of the Republic of Ecuador. Mr. Barry is a Conservative in politics. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. C. Vandyk.

At a meeting of the Governors of North Wales College, at Chester—the Earl of Powis presiding—an announcement was made that Mr. Henry Tate, of Liverpool, had offered a donation of £1000, to be invested, and expended at a rate not exceeding £100 per annum, for the purpose of founding a scholarship devoted specially to encouraging scientific or technical education among young Welshmen. A vote of thanks to Mr. Tate for his donation was carried with acclamation.



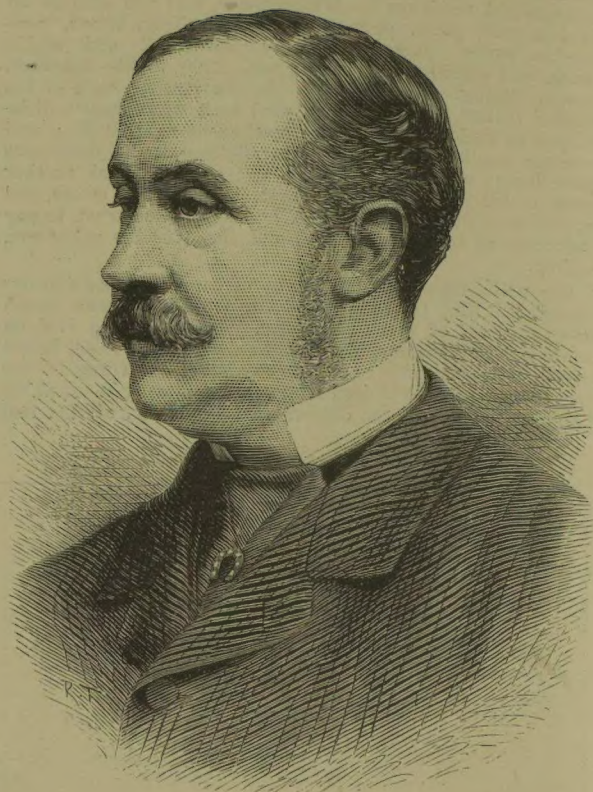
MR. JOHN BRIDGE.

NEW CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF BOW-STREET.

Mr. John Bridge, who has been appointed successor to the late Sir James Ingham as Chief Magistrate of the Bow-street Police-Court, was called to the Bar on Jan. 25, 1850, and was appointed a metropolitan magistrate on Jan. 18, 1872. For some years he presided at the Southwark Police-Court, and on the death of Mr. Flowers was transferred to Hammersmith, in which court he has adjudicated many important cases. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent-street.

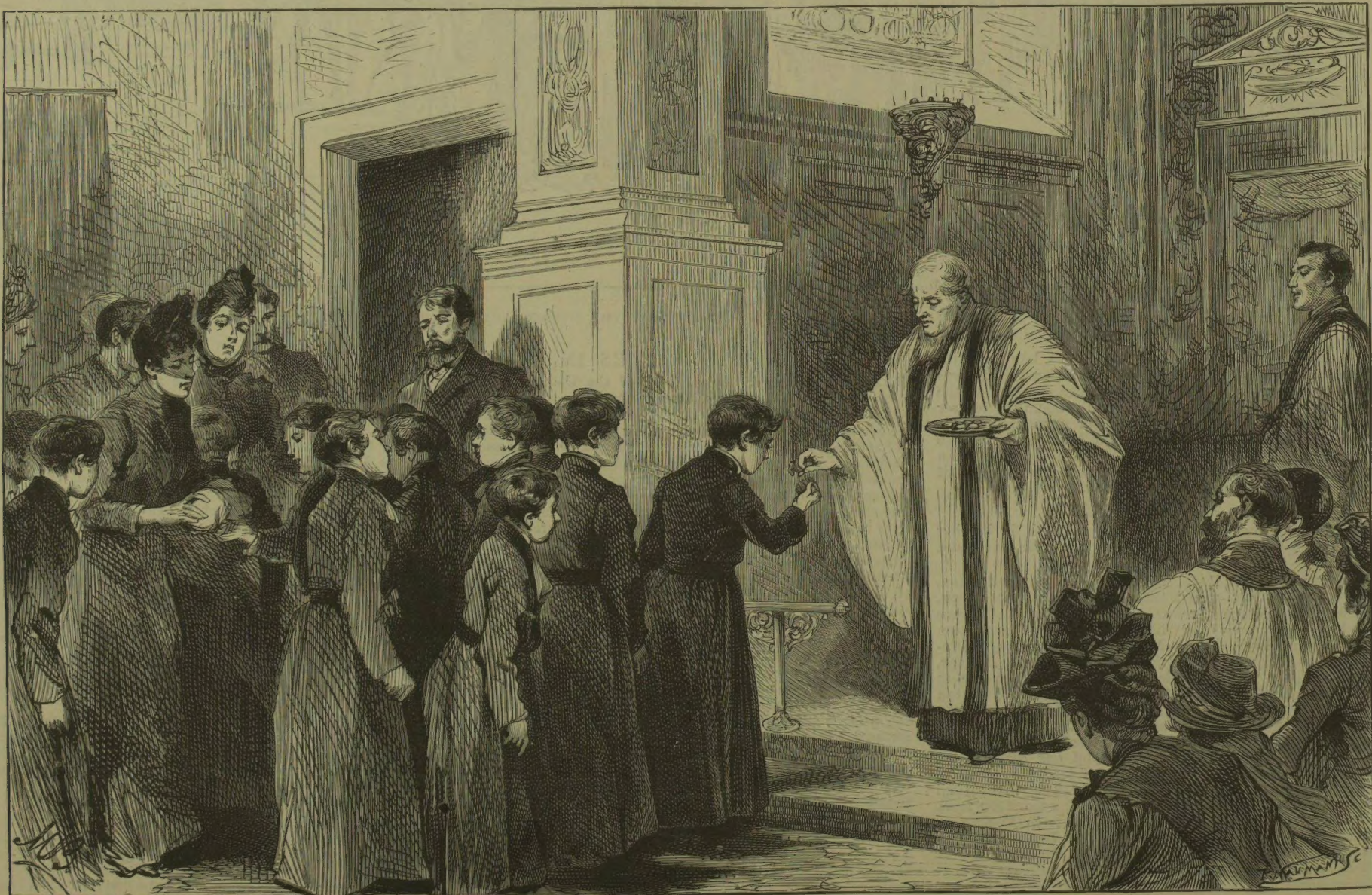
THE LATE SIR EDWARD COWAN.

The death of Sir Edward Porter Cowan, on March 24, leaves a blank in the social life of Belfast and the North of Ireland. He was born in 1842, the son of Mr. Samuel Cowan of Cromac House, Belfast, and was educated at the Royal Academical Institution, where he was a distinguished scholar. Early initiated into commercial pursuits, he became one of the most successful men of business in the North of Ireland. He was at the head of several prosperous and important commercial undertakings. He was chairman of the Ulster Banking Company and of the Irish Shipowners' Company, a director of the Great Northern Railway of Ireland and of a steamship company, and was more or less associated with other companies, all of a successful character. He first took an active part in politics twenty-two years ago, when Sir Thomas McClure, a Liberal, was returned for Belfast, with Mr. Johnston, an

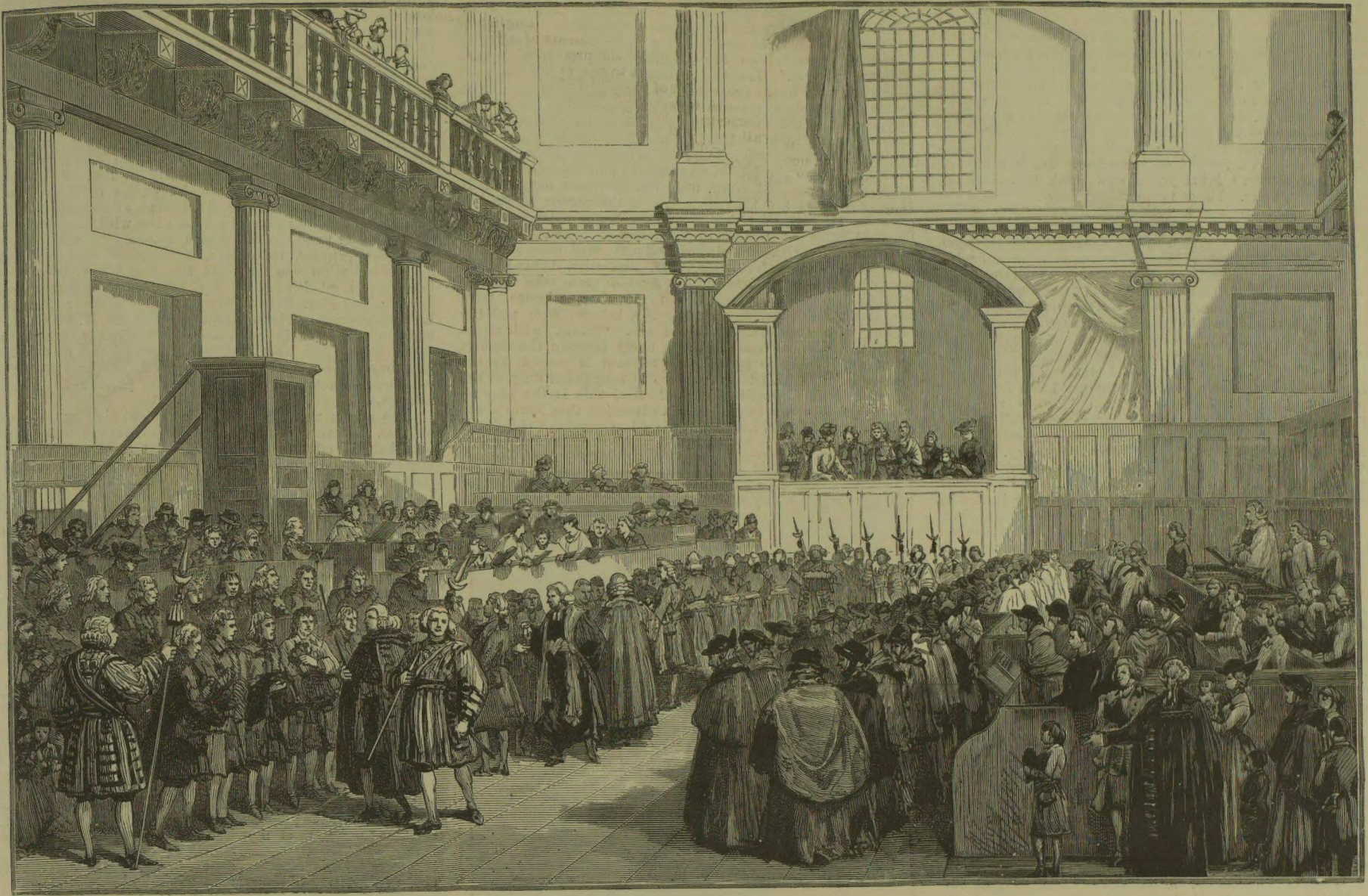


THE LATE SIR EDWARD COWAN, OF BELFAST.

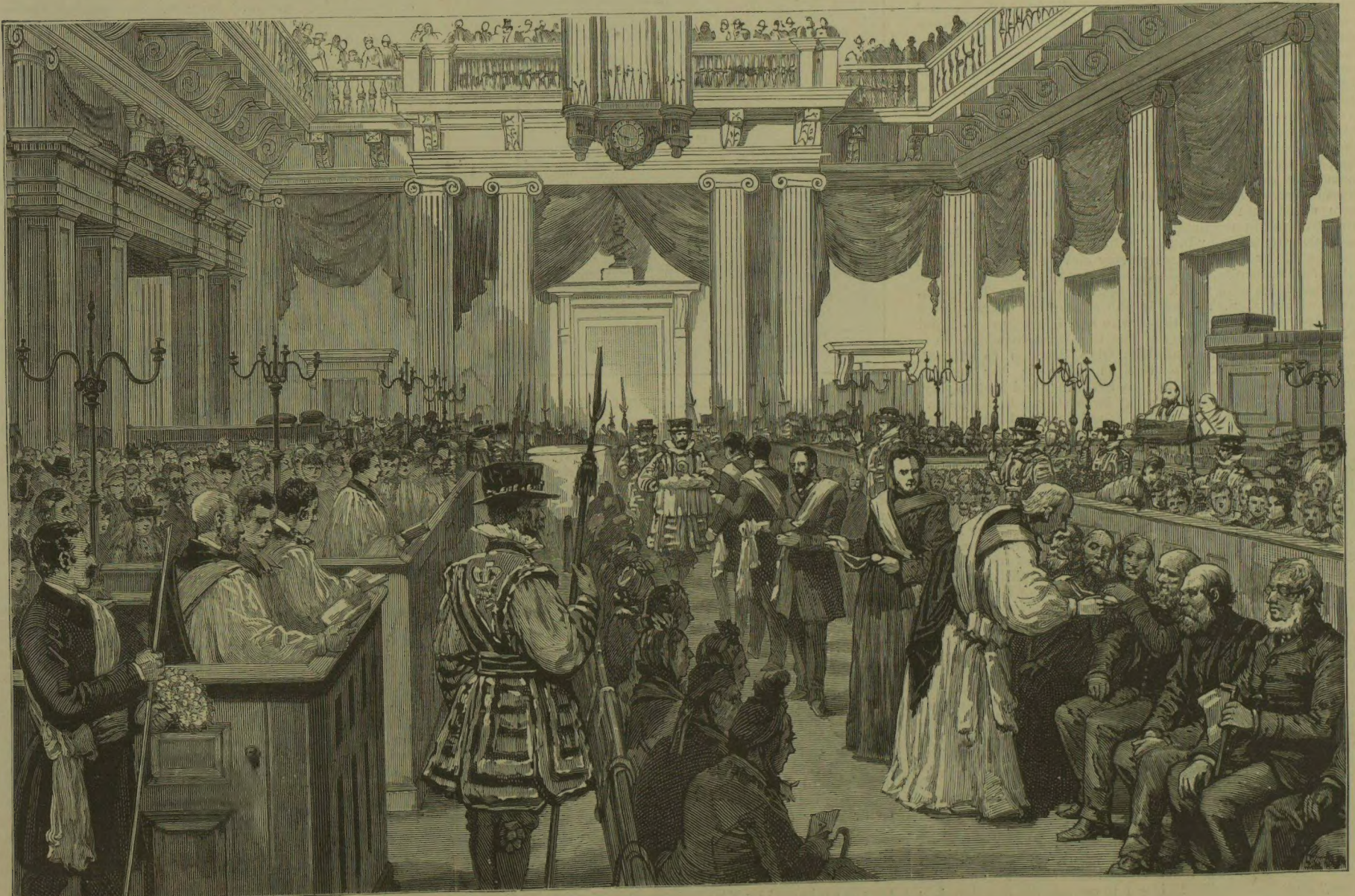
Orangeman. Several years a member of the Belfast Town Council, Sir Edward Cowan was twice Mayor, with the hearty concurrence of his political opponents; and, as Mayor, was knighted by Earl Cowper when he visited Belfast as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. On the death of Lord Waveney he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Antrim. He was also a magistrate and deputy lieutenant of the county of Down. Up to the time of Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion to Irish Nationalism, Sir Edward Cowan was one of his most steadfast supporters. After that remarkable change he became a Liberal Unionist, and might be considered the head of this party in Ulster. At his handsome mansion of Craigavad, on the shore of the Belfast Lough, he twice entertained Lord Hartington during his political visits to Belfast; also Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Wolmer, and other eminent Liberal Unionists. A little while ago Sir Edward was presented with his portrait, and Lady Cowan with a handsome silver candelabrum, in acknowledgment of the great services they had rendered to the Liberal Unionist cause. Lady Cowan is the daughter of Mr. Andrew Cowan of Glenghara. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin.



CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOM AT A CITY CHURCH, ALLHALLOWS, LOMBARD-STREET: GIFTS TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOYS.



MAUNDY THURSDAY ROYAL GIFTS AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, 1777.



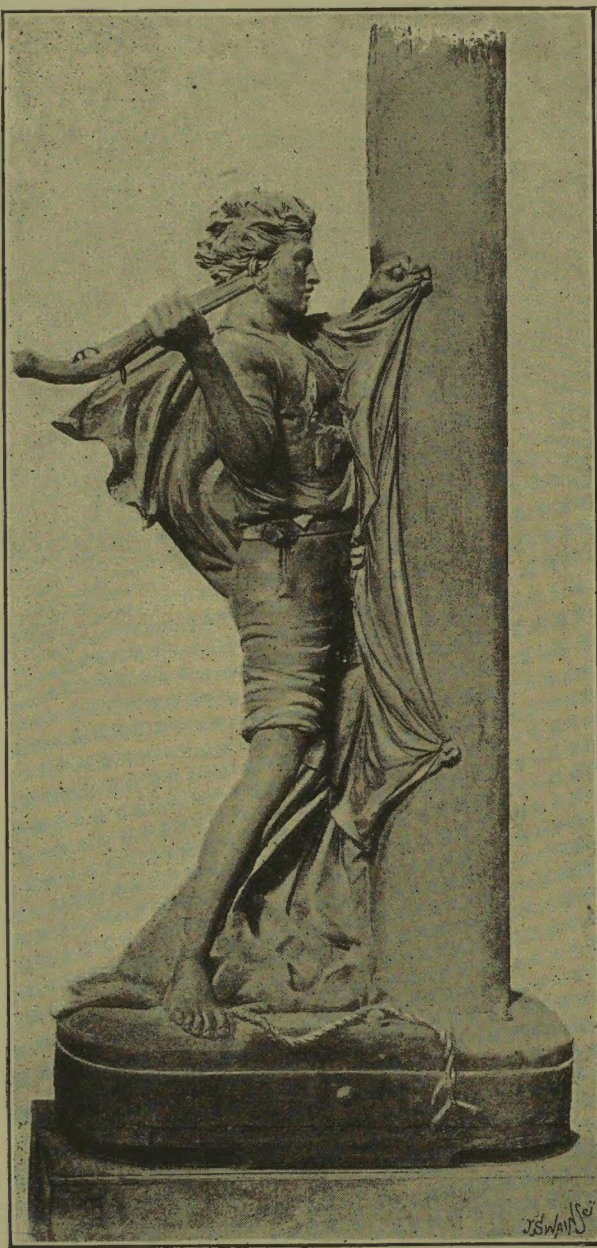
MAUNDY THURSDAY ROYAL GIFTS AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, 1890.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

If anything is to make "A Village Priest" a success as marked as that of its predecessor, it will be the excellent care that has been bestowed on it by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his devoted company. It is, of course, far too late in the day for the innumerable admirers of the Haymarket Theatre and its art-work to deplore that raids are made upon the French stores of the Ambigu and the Château d'Eau for material suitable for a London theatre of the first importance. Judging from Mr. Robert Buchanan's masterly work with old English comedies at the Vaudeville, and from Mr. Sydney Grundy's brilliant literary exercise at the Garrick, I should say that they have both of them sufficient experience and tact to give us something of their own instead of ransacking the second-class Parisian playhouses. Mind you, I still think the protection cry is an absurd one. There is no reason why we should not see French plays over here if they are good plays. But what I would venture to say is that "Le Secret de la Terreuse" is not a good play, and M. Busnach is not an author of the first importance. If Mr. Sydney Grundy does not quite satisfy us with his "Village Priest," we must remember the extreme difficulty of the task he set himself when he elected to patch and bolster up a bad French drama. The literary excellence of his play no one can call in question. I may be wrong, but it seems to me as if Mr. Beerbohm Tree had been, as we all were, enamoured of the main motive of L'Abbé Constantin—that he wanted, in fact, to play an old simple-minded French curé, and, struck with this idea, had suggested the feasibility of patching on this Abbé Constantin idea to the first convenient play that came handy. Mr. Grundy fell in with his views, and, rejecting the maniac retainer, called "La Terreuse," the well-known "Softy" or "Daft Davy," or the idiot witness of scores of old French plays, he substituted for her a clever replica of "L'Abbé Constantin." Up to a certain point all was plain sailing—and who could do more justice to the lovable old priest than Mr. Tree? But it is only when Mr. Grundy arrives at the "crux" of his difficulty that we find he has disappointed us. Religious nuts are the toughest to crack on the stage, and we find Protestants protesting against the prayer at the end of act four—how they would have shuddered at M. Coppée's "Pater!"—and the Catholics calling Mr. Grundy over the coals for his misunderstood theology! Half a dozen words addressed to the nearest priest in the neighbourhood would have convinced Mr. Grundy that priests cannot unfrock themselves for a whim, and that if they do they are still gentlemen enough to preserve confidences entrusted to them under an honourable understanding. Let me reduce the case to an absurdity. What would be thought of a soldier who had sworn the soldier's oath—*sacramentum*, the most holy of all oaths—who had sworn to fight for his Queen and country, and who, conscientiously disliking the battle that was imminent, had flung down his sword or musket and said, "I will not be soldier any more!"—meaning by this "I will elect to be a moral coward"? The mere fact of abdicating military duty would not relieve him from moral responsibility. Once a priest always a priest; once a soldier always a soldier, unless dismissed by death or duty. But, apart from the theological point, which in the minds of many is quite immaterial, it is a dramatic mistake to raise the question at all, because nothing comes of it. The Abbé Dubois, obeying some mysterious call from Heaven, elects to break his oath of secrecy—renegades, by the way, always have these mysterious calls in order to justify breaches of discipline—but his unjustifiable though doubtless conscientious act ruins our interest in him but does not aid the play. If the Abbé had told the convict to do exactly what he does now, we should admire him instead of pitying him. No doubt by this time the new play, brilliantly effective and interesting at odd moments, has been made in certain scenes more clear and concise, but whether this has been done or not the lover of good acting will vastly enjoy the really brilliant performances of Mr. Tree and Mr. Fernandez, and will be delighted with the artistic help given them by Mr. Terry, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Norreys, and Mrs. Tree.

Opinions seem to differ also in regard to the merits of "Dick Venables," written by Mr. Arthur Law for the Shaftesbury. The public on the first night received it with acclamation, but conscientious criticism did not altogether indorse this favourable verdict. It is sometimes assumed that criticism must be worthless unless it is unanimous. This is a view I have never been able to understand. Tastes differ. The educated palate requires one thing, the uneducated palate another. Of its kind "Dick Venables" may be considered by many a showy drama of a not very elevated kind. For the sake of its sudden bursts of excitement many may forgive the improbabilities with which it teems at every turn. The popularity of Mr. E. S. Willard in the rôle of an electro-plated scoundrel may fascinate those who are determined to blind their eyes to the absurdity of the situations in which he is placed. The eagerness of Miss Olga Brandon to succeed, and the generous interest that is taken in her success, may make many forget that she has a very bad part to play. The hunger for stage humour may be so strong that conceivably some amusement may be found in the kleptomaniac Archdeacon and the phenological German professor. But when we are asked if Mr. Willard has lighted on a good play with which to interest his audience, criticism may well be at variance with unreasoning eulogy. The fact is that with plays, as with so many things in this country, we work an idea to death. "The Silver King" was a first-class melodrama: it was followed by innumerable "brummagem" Silver Kings. "Jim the Penman" and "Captain Swift" were clever and effective dramas: so every young author must needs try to create dwarfed Jims and stunted Swifts. Mr. Willard created the "Spider," so he is never more to come out of the "Spider's Web." What a strange caprice is fashion! A lady buys a Paris "confection": it becomes the rage, and in two months it is plagiarised "in the cheap" in the Tottenham Court-road. Plaids are in fashion: so every housemaid must strut about in tartan on her "Sunday out." Mr. Willard is a popular actor, so no doubt his assured popularity will conceal the defects of his latest exercise in fashionable criminality. He carries everything before him. But, judged by the standard of the plays in which he has hitherto appeared, it would be incorrect to say that "Dick Venables" is as interesting or clever as his predecessors. All do as well as they can. Lucky for the author that he obtained such artists as Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. E. W. Garden, and Mrs. Canning to assist him with his comic scenes. But apart from the popularity of Mr. Willard and the interest taken in Miss Olga Brandon, steady steps in advance were taken by Mr. Elwood and Miss Annie Rose. It had been hoped that drama was taking a leap in advance with "The Middleman," but it has slipped backwards a step or two with "Dick Venables." It is sad to confess the fact, but it is true. As is the case at the Haymarket, there has been a change of market from the Ambigu to the Château d'Eau. The playgoers who were making their way to the Français have turned back to the less fashionable boulevards. And then it is considered surprising that the intelligent playgoer finds but very few corners where he can rest his head. He is driven to the slums.

The many admirers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will surely be astonished when they take their seats to see "Nixie." What has this over-developed and unnaturally clever child, who is so naïve when she chats to her affectionate father, and so comically precocious when she entertains the burglar, and so with the unsavoury details of the story she is supposed to illustrate? It may be doubted if a more unwholesome story has been presented on the English stage in recent years than this "Nixie." It treats of things that are not discussed or harped upon in the presence of women and children, and it would be difficult to see what purpose is gained in giving us a new version of the "Dolls' House," without its cleverness and intense eagerness of artistic aim. Nora rebels against her domestic condition, and is tempted by the diseased Dr. Rank—all very true, no doubt, but unnecessary and objectionable for stage purposes. But Nora, unfortunately, has suggested to those who have not the conviction, or the genius, of Ibsen a wretched counterpart of her in this deplorable Kitty. We are asked to interest ourselves in the story of a feather-brained Brussels schoolgirl, who elopes with a married man who has marked her down for destruction, and who, having been rescued from peril by an honourable man who marries her, is graceless enough to renew her alliance with her scoundrel lover, though she is a beloved wife and the mother of a child eight years of age. "Nixie," with all its affectation of innocence, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. What good cause is gained, what lesson is taught, by the picture of a degraded mother who is taught her duty to her husband by her prattling infant? And this is the play to which children are to be invited, expecting that Nixie is the foster-sister of Little Lord Fauntleroy! Conceive a child, girl



JACK CRAWFORD, THE HERO OF CAMPERDOWN,
NAILING THE FLAG TO THE MAST.

or boy, to whom innocence is its sweetest privilege, suddenly plunged into a theatre to hear how schoolgirls are tempted by cowardly libertines, to learn that little children are sent out of the room when their mothers are visited by their lovers, and to be taught that a prying child may innocently or wilfully open her father's eyes to the disgrace and moral weakness of her own mother! And then we wonder that parents who are not at all prudish resolutely set their faces against the theatre, when artistic imprudence can endanger the peace of mind of countless households! That Mrs. Burnett or Mr. Townsend ever intended their play to have the effect it must have on the minds of the innocent, no sane person would for one moment imagine. Their intention was doubtless excellent; but the responsibility they incur is grave all the same. Children can reason as well as grown-up people, as Nixie herself conclusively proves; but surely the authors of this play do not want to attract innocent children to the playhouse in order to reason over the unpardonable weakness of Nixie's mother? In old times it was the desire and design of mothers and fathers to keep their children innocent. It answered very well for domestic peace. But does the modern craze for enlightenment extend to plays where children are taught in their infancy what they will most surely know later on by bitter experience and knowledge of the world? The danger of such plays is enhanced by the excellence of the acting. Miss Lucy Webling is so clever and so old-fashioned that she may be the means of attracting children who love to see children act to this unsavoury piece. Unquestionably the play is well acted by Miss Forsyth, the silly wife, by Mr. Lewis Waller as the profligate, artistically excellent and revoltingly true; by Mr. Julian Cross, as the tedious burglar, and by almost all concerned. But one could have wished that the sweet flavour of Mrs. Burnett's little Lord had not been washed out by this unpalatable Nixie. It is like going for a day into the country among roses and may, and coming home to the fetid atmosphere of feverish London.

C. S.

THE "ROYAL MAUNDY" AT WHITEHALL.

The ancient Royal charities known as the "Royal Maundy" were distributed on Maundy Thursday, April 3, at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. Seventy-one old men and seventy-one old women—the numbers representing the age of the Sovereign—were the recipients. At three o'clock a procession, consisting of clergy, choristers, and Yeomen of the Guard, passed down the church to the steps of the altar; one yeoman carrying a massive gold salver of the time of William and Mary, upon which were arranged the red and white purses of the Maundy gift.

The service, a special one for the occasion, was intoned by the Rev. S. Flood Jones; the lesson was read by the Rev. A. H. Sitwell. The distribution consisted of £1 15s. allowance in lieu of clothing to each woman, £2 5s. in lieu of clothing to each man; and the red and white purses to each; the red containing £1 in gold, and £1 10s. an allowance in lieu of provisions, formerly given in kind; the white purses containing as many pence as the Queen is years of age, but given in silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences. The distribution was made by the Right Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, Lord Bishop of Ely, Lord High Almoner to the Queen; the Rev. Robert Eyton, Sub-Almoner; Mr. H. J. Bidwell, Secretary of the Almonry; and Mr. W. G. Hunt, his assistant. The Minor Bounty, Discretionary Bounty, and Royal Gate Alms were distributed beforehand, at the Royal Almonry, to over one thousand aged, disabled, and meritorious persons, recommended by the clergy of parishes in and round London.

The origin and history of this ancient charity may be disputable. The word "maundy" has been derived from "maund," a basket, referring to the hand-basket from which the King was accustomed to give alms to the poor; others have suggested that the word is derived from *mandatum*, the first word of the Latin service for the day before Good Friday. Throughout Christendom, from the very earliest times, Maundy Thursday, or the Day of the Poor, as it was once called, has been associated with almsgiving and the washing of feet. The latter ceremony is annually performed on this day by the Pope at Rome, and by ecclesiastical dignitaries at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Seville. The Emperor of Austria usually washes the feet of twelve poor men, and the Empress of twelve poor women. The Sovereigns of England were once in the habit of washing the feet of as many poor persons as they themselves were years of age, and of giving to them as many pence, together with a gown or cloak. A sum of money was substituted in lieu of clothing in consequence of the tendency to dispose of the articles of dress at less than their actual value. For a like reason money took the place of provisions at the beginning of the present reign—thirty shillings being given to each person in place of the former dole of five loaves, four pounds of beef, two salt cod-fish, two salt salmon, eighteen fresh herrings, and eighteen salt herrings. At the last Maundy distribution the men received £5 0s. 11d., and the women £4 10s. 11d. Nothing now remains suggestive of a picturesque ceremony but the towels worn by the Lord High Almoner and his assistants, and the bouquets of flowers which they carry as symbols of the herbs used in the washing of feet.

A HERO OF CAMPERDOWN.

The Earl of Camperdown unveiled, in the Mowbray Park, Sunderland, on Easter Monday, a statue of Jack Crawford, seaman, who nailed Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast of the flag-ship Venerable, after they had been shot away at the battle of Camperdown, Oct. 11, 1799. Crawford was a native of Sunderland, and died in 1831. The weather was delightfully fine, and the proceedings commenced by a naval and trades' procession, the bluejackets of her Majesty's ships Hearty, Grappler, and Bullfrog taking part. The statue is the work of Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, London, and the height of the group is 20 ft. 7 in. The sculptor has selected the moment when Jack is supposed to have ascended the mast as far as the cap, which rests on the summit of the pedestal. The colours are thrown over his left shoulder, and in his right hand he holds a pistol, with the butt end of which he drives in the nails.

This monument has been erected by the efforts of a local committee, of which the Mayor, Alderman George Barnes, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Camperdown, great-grandson of Admiral Duncan, and the Earl of Durham are members; its original promoters being Mr. R. B. Annison, Mr. F. Baverstock, R.N., and Mr. J. G. Brown, honorary secretaries, and Captain John Todd, who has written an interesting pamphlet, "A Sketch of the Life of Jack Crawford," with a spirited narrative of the battle.

Lord Tredegar has forwarded to the Mayor of Newport's fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Llanerch colliery disaster a further subscription of £400. His Lordship had previously contributed £100 to the fund.

Emin Pasha, after a long period of inactivity and hesitation, has accepted the proposals made to him by Major Wissman, and is to accompany a German military expedition from Bagamoyo to Lake Victoria, and thence onward to his late province.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge of England Good Templars has been held at Bristol, there being a good attendance of delegates from all parts of the kingdom. From the reports of the officers of the year, it appears there are now over 100,000 members, 200 of them being Grand Lodge members.

The German Emperor has caused the publication of an order to extend the selection of officers for his Army and of Government officials to the sons of honourable middle-class families. He has expressed his disapproval of the holding of commissions in the Army being dependent on private income, and decreed an increase of pay, advising commanders to check the incurring of unnecessary expenses.

On Tuesday evening, April 8, a most successful entertainment was given to the patients at Brompton Hospital by Mr. John Stedman, assisted by Miss Clara Leighton, Miss St. Hill, Miss Marjorie Fisher, Mr. Stanley Smith, Mr. Aldebert Allen (flute), Miss Churchill (reciter), Mr. Augustus Toop, and Mr. Stedman's choir-boys.—At the previous entertainment Mr. William Carter, with some members of his choir, Miss Josephine Simon, Miss Winifred Parker, Miss Rose Williams, Mr. Claud Ravenhill, and Miss Romola Tynte, gave a charming selection of sacred music. On each occasion there were several encores.

Three lectures on Art, which promise to be interesting, will be delivered by Mr. Henry Blackburn, the editor of "Academy Notes," at the Kensington Townhall, beginning Monday, April 14, and at the Eyre Arms Assembly-rooms, St. John's Wood, beginning Monday, April 21. The subjects of this course are, "The Art of Illustration," "Modern Pictures," and "Sketching in Sunshine," to be illustrated by a hundred reproductions of drawings in black and white, pictures from the exhibitions, and instantaneous photographs taken in Algeria and Morocco, shown by the oxyhydrogen light. Seats may be secured, at very low prices, by applying to the lecturer at 123, Victoria-street, S.W.

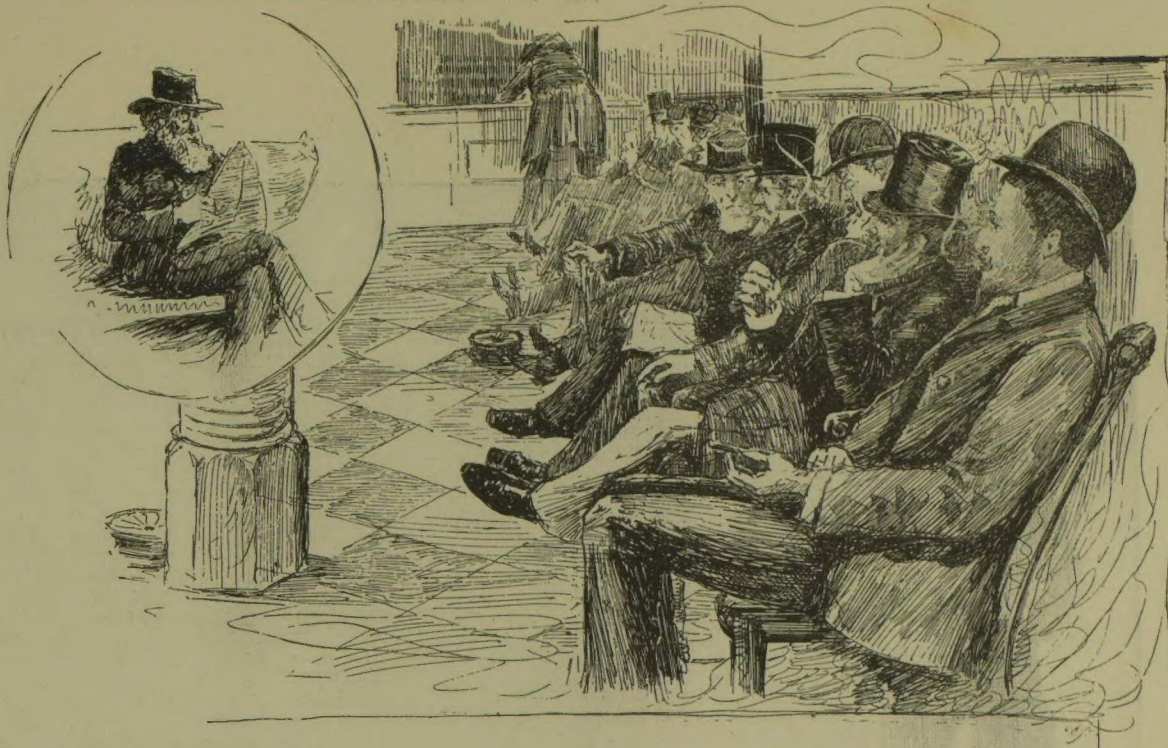
AMERICA REVISITED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WILLARD'S, AT WASHINGTON.

Our Special Artist has been at Washington, the Federal capital of the United States, and has made sketches of characteristic American figures among the regular customers of Willard's Hotel, where politicians of different sections, business men, "hustlers," and "log-rollers," commercial travellers or "drummers," professional men, journalists, and sporting men from all parts of the Union, are wont to assemble during the Session of Congress.

In the lobby and "Under the Dome," at Willard's, after dinner, the floor is crowded with representatives of these various classes: keen, raw-boned Yankees from "Down East"; loud-voiced Western men, each talking of his ranch and stock, or of the price of hogs; "Old Colonels," in the shabby-genteel attire of past years; the Southerner, wearing his soft felt wide-awake hat as no other man could wear it; the Chicago mercantile speculator; the man who is interested in silver mines; the planter, whose wealth is in cotton or tobacco; the Pennsylvania or New England manufacturer; the newspaper proprietor, with editors, correspondents, and reporters; the political "wire-puller," and the agent for private bills. The evening papers are eagerly scanned, and there is much discussion of the events of the day. The scene is enlivened by the music of a band from the anteroom, while in the distance is the policeman whose beat extends through the hotel. The police are a fine set of men, and have great authority in cases of difficulty. They are armed with revolvers and long hickory clubs, which they would use pretty freely on occasions if any "toughs," or bad, dissolute characters, such as "corner boys," were disposed to be annoying. But the most attractive feature of the lobby is the flower-girl. Her father has stood there forty years, and is worth fifty thousand dollars. She is a bright, pretty brunette, who not only sells you a button-hole, but pins it on your coat for you.

Willard's Hotel also has its receptions of distinguished persons. Nellie Bly, the famous globe-trotter, was passing through on her lecturing tour, and was at home to



AFTER-DINNER LOUNGE AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON.

Shakspeare's tragedy for musical purposes was the late Hector Berlioz, whose dramatic symphony, with choruses and vocal solos, was produced some fifty years ago. This work comprises

occasional passages of beauty and power, with much that is wild and eccentric in style. The most recent instance of a grand opera with a libretto based on a Shakspearean subject is Verdi's "Otello," produced at Milan in February 1887, and given, with the Milanese company, at our Lyceum Theatre during its temporary occupation by Mr. M. L. Mayer, in July last year. The same subject had been used by Rossini in 1816. Although scarcely realising the subtle power of Shakspeare's tragedy, the music of Verdi's "Otello" displays declamatory power and dramatic force in strong contrast to the feeble and sickly strains of Rossini's work.

Altogether the most successful musical appropriation of "Romeo and Juliet" is that of the eminent living French composer, who, if he has not thoroughly realised the Shakspearean spirit in its deeper and subtler aspects, has produced an opera that is largely characterised by grace and charm beyond the attainment of any other present master.

In the performance now referred to, at Drury-Lane Theatre, the character of the heroine was sustained by Mlle. De Lussan, as in the production of the opera at Liverpool, where she achieved a success that seems likely to be paralleled in London. Her bright and facile vocalisation and charm of manner were conspicuous in the earlier scenes, and her unaffected earnestness in the love-passages, notably in the beautiful duet with Romeo in the balcony scene, gave full effect to the several situations, while in the more tragic scenes she was genuinely earnest. The cast was in other respects also similar to that at Liverpool; prominent having been the representation

of Romeo by Mr. B. McGuckin, who sustained the character, both musically and dramatically, with excellent intonation and realisation. In the part of Gertrude (the nurse), Misses K. Drew and A. Cook contributed to the general effect. Mr. F. H. Celli gave a spirited representation of Mercutio, and sang his music artistically; and Signor Abramoff was impressive as Friar Laurence; the character of Tybalt having been enacted with much effect by Mr. J. Child. As Capulet and the Duke of Verona Messrs. M. Eugene and M. Albert contributed respectively to the efficiency of the cast.

The scenic accessories, splendour of costume, and admirable stage-management were of that exceptionally high class to which we have for some years been accustomed under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris. The efficiency of the orchestra and the chorus gave powerful aid to the general effect, the use of those features of the score being always prominent in Gounod's works. The office of conductor was ably fulfilled by Mr. Goossens. There seems every probability that the English version of "Roméo et Juliette" will prove highly attractive during the short London season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales, before leaving the great province of the Punjab, visited, on Feb. 7, the Maharajah of Patiala, which is the largest of the Sikh States. Its rulers have always been noted for their fidelity and attachment to the British rule. During the Nepaul, Afghan, and Sikh wars many important services were rendered by this State; and at the beginning of the Sepoy mutiny the Maharajah unhesitatingly placed his troops and all the resources of the State at the disposal of Sir John Lawrence, then administrator of the Punjab Government. The present Maharajah, a young man of great intelligence and promise, whose portrait we have recently given, was educated largely on the English plan, under an officer recommended for the purpose by the Punjab Government; he talks English fluently, is well read, is good at most games, fond of sport, a capital shot, and in entire sympathy with the English.

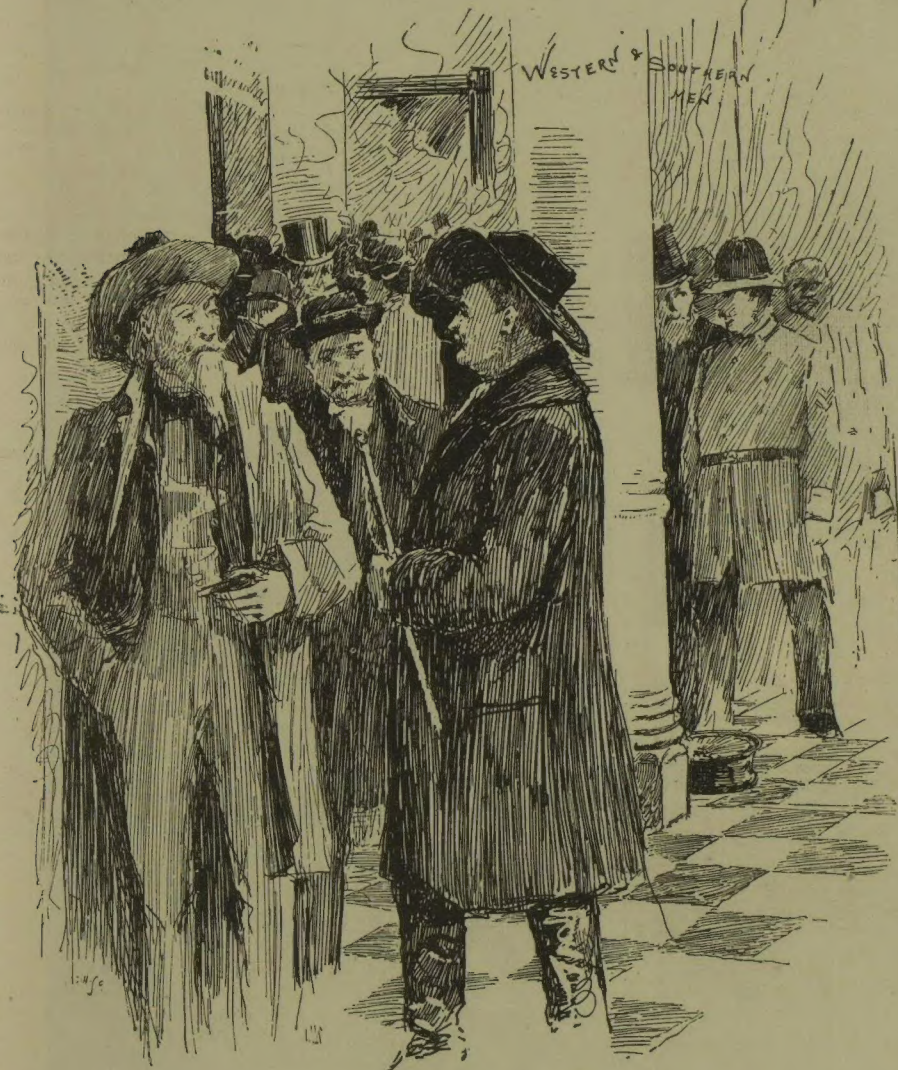
Prince Albert Victor reached Patiala late in the evening. He was met on the railway platform by the Maharajah, accompanied by his brother, Kanwar Ranbir Singh, his cousin, the Maharajah Rana of Dholpur, his brother-in-law, Sardar Jiwan Singh, of Shahzadpur, his Ministers and high officials, and Colonel Grey, C.S.I., who represented the Punjab Government. About sixty Europeans were also present. The railway-station was splendidly decorated, and so was the road thence to the camp where the Prince was to be lodged, a distance over two miles, with frequent triumphal arches, variously designed. As it was night, there was a grand illumination along the route; near the camp there was a display of fireworks, purely Oriental; and the main street was a fairy scene of gardens, fountains, lamps, and splendid colour. The Prince's tents were richly and artistically arranged.

Next morning the Maharajah paid a visit of ceremony to his Royal Highness; the other Princes and the chief officials of the State were introduced; "attar and pan" were served; and when the young Rajah of Jhind visited his Royal Highness, ceremonies very similar were observed. An hour later Prince Albert Victor returned the Maharajah's visit. He was received with the most signal tokens of honour, in the Durbar Hall of the palace, and complimentary addresses were exchanged. Our Prince then paid a return visit to the Rajah of Jhind at his camp.

The afternoon was spent in shooting about six miles from camp. There was no time to get to a place where they would find large game; but his Royal Highness made a good bag of hares and partridges, and enjoyed the sport. What gave zest to the amusement, no doubt, the shooting was Indian fashion, off elephants. His Royal Highness, it is said, showed much skill in adapting himself to the rolling motion. It may interest some to know the full title of this Maharajah of Patiala—"His Highness, Farzand-i-Khas Daulat-i-Inglishzah, Mansure Zamán, Amir-ul-Umra, Máharáj Dhiráj Rajeshwar, Sri Máharáj-i-Rájgan, Rajindar Singh, Mahindar Bahadur of Patiala." Our Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. George Craddock, of Simla.



NELLIE BLY.
From Life.



WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MEN AT WILLARD'S HOTEL.

numerous visitors in one of the hotel parlours, where she modestly and prettily told the story of her wanderings. She is a bright, pretty girl, with a slight and elegant figure. Her mother was with her. One of the most striking characters was W. Benny Norton, of Texas, over eighty years old.

At certain times of the day inmates of Willard's hear the cries of "Baltimore and Ohio Train—All Aboard!" and so on, roared out by the voice of Bob, the head porter, a huge gentleman of colour, who handles the biggest of big Saratoga trunks as you might a box of matches. He is good-natured, full of fun, and a great favourite of all the children in the hotel.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

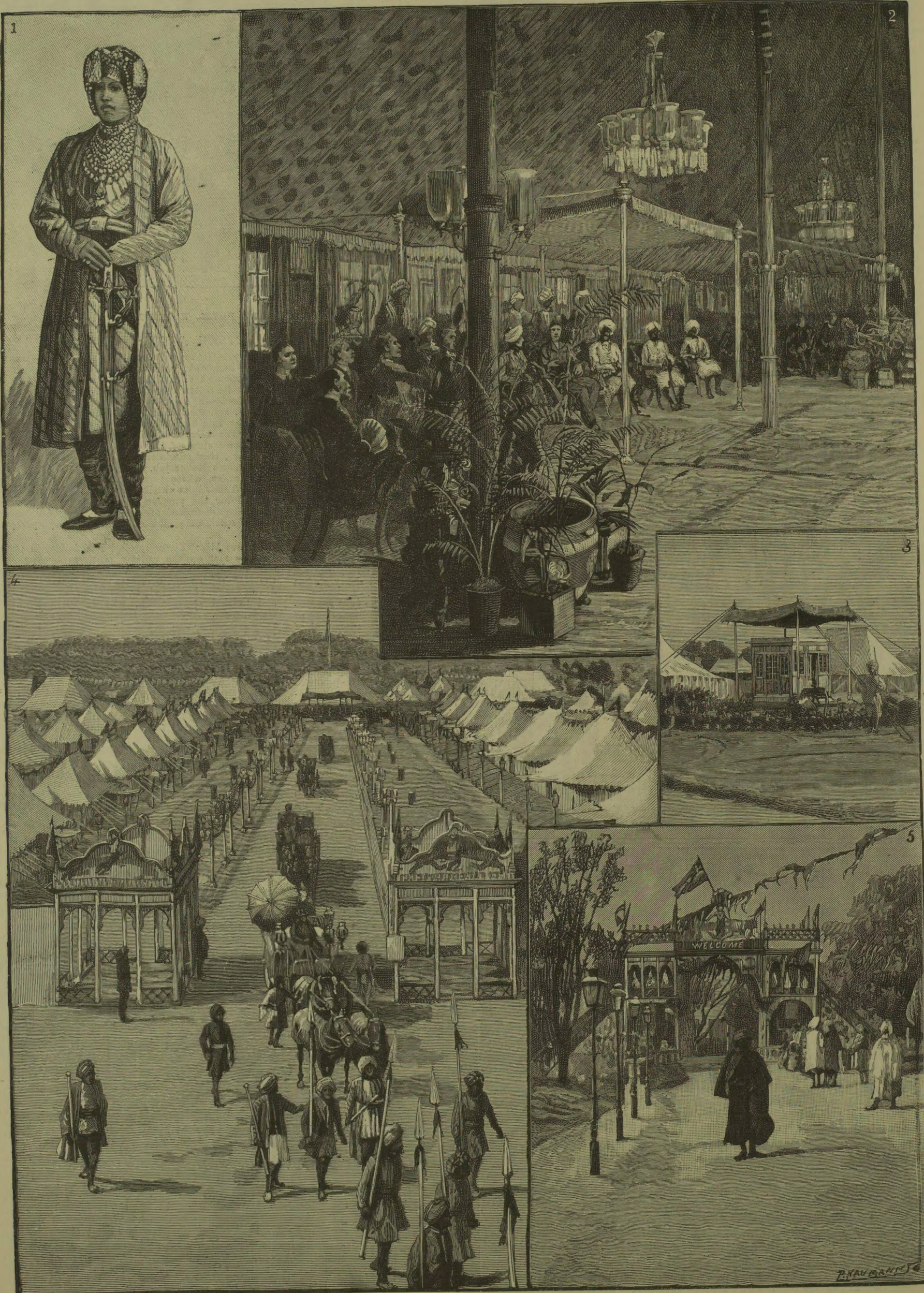
On April 5, according to previous announcement, Drury-Lane Theatre was reopened for the commencement of a new season of the above-named operatic institution; the founder of which—the late Mr. Carl Rosa—lived to see the triumphant success of his long and earnest endeavours, but was too soon removed from the enjoyment of the results.

The work given on the opening night of the new London season was "Romeo and Juliet"—an adaptation of Gounod's French opera "Roméo et Juliette," which was originally produced at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique in April 1867, and was brought out, in an Italian version, at our Royal Italian Opera-house in July of the same year—it having been produced, with an English text (by the late Mr. Farnie), by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, in January last.

Shakspeare's tragedy had previously been several times used as a basis for operatic treatment, but by no composer with such success as that obtained by Gounod, whose music in this instance has much of the graceful charm and sentiment of his "Faust," although scarcely anywhere the same dramatic power and contrast. Gounod's immediate predecessor in the use of



RECEPTION OF NELLIE BLY, AT WILLARD'S HOTEL,
AFTER HER JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.



1. The Maharajah of Patiala.
2. The Prince's Reception Tent.

3. Private Court of Prince and Staff.
4. Prince Albert Victor leaving Camp to return the Maharajah's visit.

5. Triumphal Arch near the Railway Station.

VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR TO PATIALA, IN THE PUNJAB, INDIA.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Oh!" she cried. "These are copies!"

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

TO MAKE HIM HAPPY.

"SHALL we discuss Mr. Feilding any longer?" Armorel asked, with a little impatience. "It really seems as if we had nothing to talk about but the perfections of this incomparable person." It was in the evening. Armorel had discovered, already, that the evenings spent at home in the society of her companion were both long and dull; that they had nothing to talk about; that Zoe regarded every single subject from a point of view which was not her own; and that both in conversation and in personal intercourse she was having a great deal more than she desired of Mr. Alec Feilding. Therefore, she was naturally a little impatient. One cannot every evening go and sit alone in the study: one cannot play the violin all the evening; and one cannot reduce a companion to absolute silence.

Zoe, who had been talking into the fire from her cushions, turned her fluffy head, opened her blue eyes wide, and looked, not reproachfully but sorrowfully and with wonder, at a girl who could hear too much about Alec Feilding.

"Let me talk—just a little—sometimes—of my best friend, Armorel, dear. If you only knew what Alec has been to me and to my lost lover—my Jerome!"

"Forgive me, Zoe. Go on talking about him."

"How quiet and cosy," she murmured, in reply, "this room is in the evening! It makes one feel virtuous only to

think of the cold wind and the cold people outside. This heaven is surely a reward for the righteous. It is enough only to lie in the warmth without talking. But the time and the place invite confidences. Armorel, I am going to repose a great confidence in you—a secret plan of my own. And you are so very, very sympathetic when you please, dear child—especially when Effie is here—I wonder if she is worth it?—that you might spare me a little of your sympathy."

"My dear Zoe"—Armorel felt a touch of remorse—she had been unsympathetic—"you shall have all there is to spare. But what kind of sympathy do you want? You were talking of Mr. Feilding—not of yourself."

"Yes—and that is of myself in a way. I know you will not misunderstand me, dear. You will not imagine that I am—well, in love with Alec, when I confess to you that I think a very great deal about him."

"I never thought so, at all," said Armorel.

Zoe's eyes opened for a moment and gleamed. It was a doubtful saying. Why should not she be in love with Alec, or Alec with her? But Armorel knew nothing about love.

"When a woman has loved once, dear," she murmured, "her heart is gone. My love-passages," she put her handkerchief to her eyes—to some women the drawing-room is the stage—"my love-story, dear, is finished and done. My heart is in the grave with Jerome. But this you cannot understand. I think so much of Alec—first, because he has been all goodness to me; and, next, because he is so wonderfully clever."

"Talk about him, Zoe, as long as you please."

"If he had been an ordinary man," she went on, "I should have been equally grateful, I suppose. But there it would have ended. To be under a debt of gratitude to such a man as Alec makes one long to do something in return. And, besides, there are so very, very few good men in the world that it does one good only to talk about them."

"I suppose that Mr. Feilding is really a man of great genius," said Armorel. "I confess he seems to me rather ponderous in his talk—may I say, dull? From genius one expects the unexpected."

"Dull? Oh, no! A little constrained in his manner. That comes from his excessive sensibility. But dull?—oh, no!"

"He seemed dull at the theatre last night."

"It was a curious coincidence meeting him there, was it not?"

"I thought you must have told him that you were going."

"No, no; quite a coincidence. And he so seldom goes to a theatre. The badness of the acting, he says, irritates his nerves to such a degree that it sometimes spoils his work for a week. And yet he is actually going to bring out a play himself. There is a paragraph in the paper about it—his own paper. Give it to me, dear; it is on the sofa. Thank you." She read the paragraph, which we already know. "What do you think of that, Armorel?"

"Isn't it rather arrogant—about good men turning out good work?"

"My dear, genius can afford to be arrogant. True genius is always impatient of small people and of stupidities. It suffers its contempt to be seen, and that makes the stupidities cry out about arrogance. Even the most stupid can cry out, you see. But think. He is going to add a new wreath to his brow. He is already known as a poet, a novelist, a painter, an essayist, and now he is to become a dramatist. He really is the cleverest man in the whole world."

Armored expressed none of the admiration that was expected. She was wondering whether, if Mr. Feilding had not been quite so clever, he might not have been quite so heavy and didactic in conversation. Less clever people, perhaps, are more prodigal of their cleverness, and give away some of it in conversation. Perhaps the very clever want it all for their books.

"I said I would give you his poems," Zoe continued. "I bought the book for you—the second series, which is better than the first. It is on the piano, dear; that little parcel, thank you." She opened the parcel and disclosed a dainty little volume in white and gold. It was illustrated by a small etching of the poet's head for a frontispiece. It was printed in beautiful new type on thick paper—the kind called hand-made—the edges left ragged. There were about a hundred and twenty pages, and on every two pages there was a single poem. These were not arranged in any order or sequence of thought. They were all separate. The poet showed knowledge of contemporary manners in serving up so small a dish of verse. Fifty or sixty short poems is quite as much as the reader of poetry will stand in these days.

Armored turned over the pages and began to read them. Strange! How could a man so ponderous, so pompous in his conceit, so dogmatic, so self-conscious, write such pretty, easy-flowing numbers? The metres fitted the subject; the rhymes were apt, the cadence true, the verses tripped light and graceful like a maiden dancing.

"How could such a man," she cried, "get a touch so light? It is truly wonderful."

"I told you so, dear. He is altogether wonderful."

She went on reading. Presently she cried out, "Why! he writes like a woman. Only a woman could have written these lines." She read them out. "It is a woman's hand, and a woman's way of thinking."

"That shows his genius. No one except Alec—or a woman—could have said just that thing in just that manner."

Armored closed the volume. "I think," she said, "that I like a man to write like a man and a woman like a woman."

"Then," said Zoe, "how is a novelist to make a woman talk?"

"He makes his women talk like women if he can. But when he speaks himself it must be with the voice of a man. In these poems it is the poet who speaks, not any character, man or woman."

"You will like the poems better as you read them. They will grow upon you. And you will find the poet himself—not a woman, but a man—in his verses. It helps one so much to understand the verses when you know the poet. I think I could almost understand Browning if I had ever known him. Think of Alec when you read his verses."

"Yes," said Armored, still without enthusiasm.

"You said we were talking about nothing else, dear," Zoe went on. "I talk so much of him because I respect and revere him so much. I have known Alec a long time"—she lay back with her head turned from her companion, talking softly into the fire, as if she was communing with herself. "He is, though you do not understand it yet, a man of the most highly strung and sensitive nature. The true reason why he talks ponderously—as you call it, Armored—is that he is conscious of the traps into which this very sensitiveness of his may lead him: for instance, he may say, before persons unworthy of his confidence, things which they would most likely misunderstand. It is simply wicked to cast pearls before swine. A poet, more than any other man, must be quite sure of his audience before he gives himself away. I assure you, when Alec feels himself alone with his intimates—a very little circle—his talk is brilliant."

"We are unlucky, then," said Armored, still without enthusiasm.

"Another thing may make him seem dull. He is always preoccupied, always thinking about his work: his mind is overcharged."

"I thought he was always in society—a great dinner-out?"

"He is. Society brings him relief. The inanities of social intercourse rest his brain. Without this rest he would be crushed."

"I see," said Armored, coldly.

"Then there is that other side of him—of which you know nothing. My dear, he is constantly thinking of others. His private life—but I must not tell too much. Not only the cleverest man in London, but the best."

Armored felt guilty. She had not, hitherto, looked upon this phoenix with the reverence which was due to so great a creature. Nay, she did not like him. She was repelled rather than attracted by him. She liked him less every time she met him. And this was oftener than she desired. Somehow or other, they were always meeting. On some pretext or other he was always calling. And certainly for the last few days Zoe was unable to talk about anything else. The genius, the greatness of this man seemed to overwhelm her.

"And now, my dear," she went on, still talking about him, "for my little confidences. I have a great scheme in my head. Oh! a very great scheme indeed." She turned round and sat up, looking Armored full in the face. Her eyes under her fluffy hair were large and luminous, when she lifted them. Oftener, they were large but sleepy eyes. Now they were quite bright. She was wideawake and she was in earnest. "I have spoken to no one but you about it as yet. Perhaps you and I can manage it all by ourselves."

"What is it?"

"You and I, dear, you and I, we two—we can be so associated and bound up in the life of the poet-painter as to be for ever joined with his name. Petrarch and Laura are not more closely connected than we may be with Alec Feilding, if you only join with me."

"First tell me what it is—this plan of yours."

"It is nothing less than just to relieve him, once for all, from his business cares."

"Has he business cares?"

"They take up his precious time. They weigh upon his mind. Why should such a man have any business at all to look after?"

"Well, but," said Armored, refusing to rise to this tempting bait, "why does such a man allow himself to have business cares, if they worry him?"

"It is the conduct of his journal, my dear."

"But other authors and painters do not conduct journals. Why should he? I believe that successful writers and artists make very large incomes. If he is so successful, why does he trouble about managing a paper? That is certainly work that can be done by a man of inferior brain."

"You are so matter-of-fact, dear. The paper is his own,

and he thinks, I suppose, that nobody but himself could edit the thing. Leave poor Alec one or two human weaknesses. He may think this, and yet make no allowance for his own shrinking and sensitive nature."

Certainly Armored had seen no indications in this poet-painter of the shrinking nature. It was very carefully concealed.

"Of course," Zoe continued, "you hardly know him. But his genius you do know. And the business worries that are inseparable from a journal are a serious hindrance to his higher work. Believe me, dear, even if you do not understand why it should be so."

"I can very well believe it—I only ask why Mr. Feilding alone, among authors and painters, should hamper himself with such worries."

"Well, dear—there they are. And I have formed a plan—Oh!"—she clasped her hands and opened her eyes wide—"such a plan! The best and the cleverest plan in the world for the best and the cleverest man in the world! But I want your help."

"What can I do?"

"I will tell you. First of all. You must remember that Alec is the sole proprietor, as well as the editor of this journal—*The Muses Nine*. It is his property. He created it. But the business management of the paper worries him. My plan, Armored—my plan"—she spoke and looked most impressive—"will relieve him altogether of the work."

"Yes—and how do I come into your plan?"

"This way. I have found out, through a person of business, that if he would sell a share—say a quarter, or an eighth—of his paper he would be able to put the business part of it into paid hands—the people who do nothing else. Now, Armored, we will buy that share—you and I between us will buy it. You shall advance the whole of the money, and I will pay you back half. The price will be nothing to you. That is, it will be a great deal, because the investment will be such a splendid thing, and the returns will be so brilliant. You will increase your income enormously, and you will have the satisfaction"—she paused, because, though she was herself more animated, earnest, and eloquent with voice and eyes, and though she threw so much persuasion into her manner, the tell-tale face of the girl showed no kindling light of response at all—"the satisfaction," she continued, "of feeling that such a help to Literature and Art will make us both immortal."

Armored made no reply. She was considering the proposition coldly, and it was one of those things which must be considered without enthusiasm.

"As for money," Zoe continued, with one more attempt to awaken a responsive fire, "I have found out what will be wanted. For three thousand five hundred pounds we can get this share in the paper. Only three thousand five hundred pounds! That is no more than one thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds apiece! I shall insist upon having my share in the investment, because I should grudge you the whole of the work. As for the returns, I have been well advised of that. Of course, Alec is beyond all paltry desire for gain, and he might ask a great deal more. But he leaves everything to his advisers—and oh! my dear, he must on no account know—yet—who is doing this for him. Afterwards, we will break it to him gradually, perhaps, when he has quite recovered from the worries and is rested. If we think of returns, ten, twenty, even fifty per cent may be expected as the paper gets on. Think of fifty per cent!"

"No," said Armored. "Let us, too, be above paltry desire for gain. Let those who do want more money go in for this business. If your advice is correct, Mr. Feilding can have no difficulty at all in selling a share of the paper. People who want more money will be only too eager to buy it."

"My dear child, everybody wants more money."

"I have quite enough. But why do you ask me to join you, Zoe? I do not know Mr. Feilding, except as an acquaintance. He is, I dare say, all that you think. But I do not find him personally interesting. And there is no reason why I should pretend to be one of the train who follow him and admire him."

"But I want you—I want you, Armored." Zoe clasped her hands and lifted her eyes, humid now. But a woman's eyes move a girl less than a man. "I want you, and none but you, to join me in this. We two alone will do it. It will be such a splendid thing to do! Nothing short of the rescue of the finest and most poetic mind of the day from sordid cares and worries. Think of what future ages will say of you!"

Armored laughed. "Indeed!" she said. "This kind of immortality does not tempt me very much. But, Zoe, it is really useless to urge me. I could not do this, if I would. And truly I would not if I could; for I made a promise to Mr. Jagenal, when I came of age the other day, that I would not lend or part with any money without taking his advice; and that I would not change any of his investments without consulting him. I seem to know, beforehand, what he would say if I consulted him about this proposal."

"Then, my dear," said Zoe, lying back in her cushions and turning her face to the fire, "let us talk about the matter no more."

She had failed. From the outset she felt that she was going to fail. The man had had every chance. He had met the girl constantly: she had left him alone with her: but he had not attracted her in the least. Well: she confessed, in spite of his cleverness, Alec had somewhat of a wooden manner: he was too authoritative; and Armored was too independent. She had failed.

Armored, for her part, remembered how her lawyer had warned her on the day when she became twenty-one and of age to manage her own affairs: all kinds of traps, he told her, are set to catch women who have got money in order to rob them of their money: they are besieged on every side, especially on the sides presumably the weakest: she must put on the armour of suspicion: she must never—never—never—here he held up a terrifying forefinger—enter into any engagement or promise, verbal or in writing, without consulting him. The memory of this warning made her uneasy—because it was her own companion, the lady appointed by her lawyer himself, who had made the first attempt upon her money. True, the attempt was entirely disinterested. There would be no gain to Zoe even if she were to accede: the proposal was prompted by the purest friendship. And yet she felt uneasy.

As for the disinterested companion, she wrote a letter that very night. She said: "I have made an attempt to get this money for you. It has failed. It was hopeless from the first. You have had your chance: you have been with the girl often enough to attract and interest her: yet she is neither attracted nor interested. I have given her your poems: she says they ought to be the work of a woman: she likes the verse, but she cares nothing about the poet. Strange! For my own part, I have been foolish enough to love the man, and to care not one brass farthing about his work. Your poems—your pictures—they all seem to me outside yourself, and not a part of you at all. Why it is so I cannot explain. Well, Alec, you planted me here, and I remain till you tell me I may go. It is not very lively: the girl and I have nothing in common: but it is restful and cosy, and I always did like comfort and warmth. And Armored pays all the bills. What next, however? Is there any other way? What are my lord's commands?"

PART II.—CHAPTER X.

THE SECRET OF THE TWO PICTURES.

A good many things troubled Armored—the companion with whom she could not talk: her persistent praises of Mr. Feilding: the constant attendance of that illustrious genius—and she wanted advice. Generally, she was a self-reliant person, but these were new experiences. Effie, she knew, could not advise her. She might go to Mr. Jagenal; but, then, elderly lawyers are not always ready to receive confidences from young ladies. Then she thought of her cousin Philippa, whom she had not seen since that first evening. Philippa looked trustworthy and judicious. She went to see her in the morning, when she would be alone. Philippa received her with the greatest friendliness.

"If you really would like a talk about everything," she said, "come to my own room." She led the way. "Here we shall be quiet and undisturbed. It is the place where I practise every day. But I shall never be able to play like you, dear. Now, take that chair and let us begin. First, why do you come so seldom?"

"Frankly and truly, do you wish me to come often?"

"Frankly and truly, fair cousin, yes. But come alone. Mrs. Elstree and I were at school together, and we were not friends. That is all. I hope you like her for a companion."

"The first of my difficulties," said Armored, "is that I do not. I imagined when she came that it mattered nothing about her. You see, I have been for five years under masters and teachers, and I never thought anything about them outside the lesson. I thought my companion would be only another master. But she isn't. I have her company at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. And all the evening. I think I am wrong not to like her, because she is always good-tempered. Somehow, she jars upon me. She likes everything I do not care about—comic operas, dance music, French novels. She has no feeling for pictures, and her taste in literature is. . . . Oh, I am talking scandal. And she is so perfectly inoffensive. Mostly she lies by the fire and either dozes or reads her French novels. All day long, I go about my devices. But there is the evening."

"This is rather unfortunate, Armored, is it not?"

"If it were only for a month or two, one would not mind. Tell me, Philippa, how long must I have a companion?"

Philippa laughed. "I dare say the question may solve itself before long. Women generally achieve independence—with the wedding ring—unless that brings worse slavery."

"No," said Armored, gravely, "I shall not achieve independence that way."

"Not that way?"

"Not by marrying!"

"Why not, Armored?"

"You will not laugh at me, Philippa? I learned a long time ago that I could only marry one kind of man. And now I cannot find him."

"You did know such a man formerly? My dear, you are not going to let a childish passion ruin your own life."

"I knew a man who was, in my mind, this kind of man. He came across my life for two or three weeks. When he went away I kept his image in my mind, and it gradually grew as I grew—always larger and more beautiful. The more I learned—the more splendid grew this image. It was an idol that I set up and worshipped for five long years."

"And now your idol is shattered?"

"No; the idol remains. It is the man, who no longer corresponds to the idol. The man who might have become this wonderful image is gone—and I can never love any other man. He must be my idol in the body."

"But, Armored, this is unreal. We are not angels. Men and women must take each other with their imperfections."

"My idol may have had his imperfections, too. Well, the man has gone. I am punished, perhaps, for setting up an idol."

She was silent for awhile, and Philippa had nothing to say. "But about my companion?" Armored went on. "When can I do without one?"

"There is nothing but opinion to consider. Opinion says that a young lady must not live alone."

"If one never hears what opinion says, one need not consider opinion perhaps."

"Well, but you could not go into society alone."

"That matters nothing, because I never go into society at all."

"Never go into society at all? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we go nowhere."

"Well, what are people about? They call upon you, I suppose?"

"No; nobody ever calls. One lady came—a Lady Frances something—and said she was a friend of Mr. Feilding."

"But where are Mrs. Elstree's friends?"

"She has no friends."

"Oh! She has—or had—an immense circle of friends."

"That was before her father lost everything and killed himself. They were fair-weather friends."

"Yes, but one's own people don't run away because of misfortune." Philippa looked dissatisfied with the explanation. "My dear cousin, this must be inquired into. Your lawyer told me that Mrs. Elstree's large circle of friends would be of such service to you. Do you really mean that you go nowhere? And your wonderful playing absolutely wasted? And your face seen nowhere? Oh! It is intolerable that such a girl as you should be so neglected."

"I have other friends. There is Effie Wilnot and her brother who wants to become a dramatist. And I have found an old friend, an artist. I am not at all lonely. But in the evening, I confess, it is dull. I am not afraid of being alone. I have always been alone. But now I am not alone. I have to talk."

"And uncongenial talk."

"Now advise me, Philippa. Her talk is always on one subject—always the wonderful virtues of Mr. Feilding."

"My cousin Alec? Yes"—Philippa changed colour, and shaded her face with a hand-screen. "I believe she knows him."

"Your cousin? Oh! I had forgotten. But all the better because you know him. Philippa, I am troubled about him. For not only does Zoe talk about him perpetually, but he is always calling on one pretext or other. If I go to a picture-gallery, he is there: if I walk in the park, I meet him: if I go to church—Zoe does not go—he meets me in the porch: if we go to the theatre, he is there."

"I did not think that Alec was that kind of man," said Philippa, still keeping the hand-screen before her face. "Are you mistaken, perhaps? Has he said anything?"

"No: he has said nothing. But it annoys me to have this man following me about—and—and—Philippa—he is your cousin—I know—but I detest him."

"Can you not show that you dislike his attentions? If he will not understand that you dislike him—wait—perhaps he will speak—though I hardly think—you may be mistaken, dear. If he speaks, let your answer be quite unmistakable."

"Then I hope that he will speak to-morrow. Zoe wanted

me to find some money in order to help him in some way—or out of some worries."

"My dear child—I implore you—do not be drawn into any money entanglements. What does Zoe mean? What does it all mean? My dear, there is something here that I cannot understand. What can it mean? Zoe to help my cousin out of worries about money? Zoe? What has Zoe to do with him and his worries?"

"He has been very kind to her and to her husband."

"There is something we do not understand," Philippa repeated.

"You are not angry with me for not liking your cousin?"

"Angry? No, indeed. He has been so spoiled with his success that I don't wonder at your not liking him. As for me, you know, it is different. I knew Alec before his greatness became visible. No one, in the old days, ever suspected the wonderful powers he has developed. When he was a boy, no one knew that he could even hold a pencil, nobody suspected him of making rhymes—and now see what he has done. Yet, after all, his achievements seem to me only like incongruous additions stuck on to a central house. Alec and painting don't go together, in my mind. Nor Alec and *vers de société*. Nor Alec and story-telling. In his youth he passed for a practical lad, full of common-sense and without imagination."

"Was he of a sensitive, highly nervous temperament?"

"Not to my knowledge. He has been always, and is still, I think, a man of a singularly calm and even cold temper—not in the least nervous nor particularly sensitive."

Armored compared this estimate with that of her companion. Strange that two persons should disagree so widely in their estimate of a man.

"Then, three or four years ago, he suddenly blossomed out into a painter. He invited his friends to his chambers. He told us that he had a little surprise for us. And then he drew aside a curtain and disclosed the first picture he thought worthy of exhibition. It hangs on the wall above your head, Armored, with its companion of the following year. My father bought them and gave them to me."

Armored got up to look at them.

"Oh!" she cried. "These are copies!"

"Copies? No. They are Alec's own original pictures. What makes you think they are copies?"

What made her think that they were copies was the very remarkable fact that both pictures represented scenes among the Scilly Isles: that in each of them was represented—herself—as a girl of fifteen or sixteen: that the sketches for both these pictures had been made in her own presence by the artist: that he was none other than Roland Lee: and that the picture she had seen in his studio was done by the same hand and in the same style as the two pictures before her. Of that she had no doubt. She had so trained her eye and hand that there could be no doubt at all of that fact.

She stared, bewildered. Philippa, who was beside her looking at the pictures, went on talking without observing the sheer amazement in Armored's eyes.

"That was his first picture," she continued; "and this was the second. I remember very well the little speech he made while we were all crowding round the picture. 'I am going,' he said, 'to make a new departure. You all thought I was just following the beaten road at the Bar. Well, I am trying a new and a shorter way to success. You see my first effort.' It was difficult to believe our eyes. Alec a painter? (One might as well have expected to find Alec a poet: and in a few months he was a poet: and then a story-teller. And his poetry is as good as it is made in these days; and his short stories are as good as any of those by the French writers.)"

"What is the subject of this picture?" Armored asked with an effort.

"The place is somewhere on the Cornish coast, I believe. He always paints the same kind of picture—always a rocky coast—a tossing sea—perhaps a boat—spray flying over the rocks—and always a girl, the same girl. There she is in both pictures—a handsome black-haired girl, quite young—it might be almost a portrait of yourself when you were younger, Armored."

"Almost," said Armored.

"This girl is now as well known to Alec's friends as Wouwermann's white horse. But no one knows the model."

Armored's memory went back to the day when Roland made that sketch. She stood—so—just as the painter had drawn her, on a round boulder, the water boiling and surging at her feet and the white foam running up. Behind her the granite rock, grey and black. How could she ever forget that sketch?

"Alec is wonderful in his seas," Philippa went on. "Look at the bright colour and the clear transparency of the water. You can feel it rolling at your feet. Upon my word, Armored, the girl is really like you."

"A little, perhaps. Yes; they are good pictures, Philippa. The man who painted them is a painter indeed."

She sat down again, bewildered.

Presently she heard Philippa's voice. "What is it?" she asked. "You have become deaf and dumb. Are you ill?"

"No—I am not ill. The sight of those pictures set me thinking. I will go now, Philippa. If he speaks to me I will reply so that there can be no mistake. But if he persists in following me about, I will ask you to interfere."

"If necessary," Philippa promised her. "I will interfere for you. But there is something in all this which I do not understand. Come again soon, dear, and tell me everything."

When they began this talk, one girl was a little troubled, but not much. The other was free from any trouble. When they parted, both girls were troubled.

One felt, vaguely, that danger was in the air. Zoe meant something by constantly talking about her cousin Alec. What understanding was there between him and that woman—that detestable woman?

The other walked home in a doubt and perplexity that drove everything else out of her head. What did those pictures mean? Had Roland given away his sketches? Was there another painter who had the very touch of Roland as well as his sketches? No, no, it was impossible.

Suddenly she remembered something on the fragment of paper that Effie picked up. The corner of the torn cheque—even the signature of Alec Feilding. What did that mean? Why had Roland torn up a cheque signed by Mr. Feilding? Why had he called that act the turning of the footstep?

(To be continued.)

ANGLO-SIAM BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

A subject of great interest to political and commercial geography at the present time is the situation of the long eastern frontier of the British dominions in Burmah, and in Tenasserim, south of Martaban and Moulmein, bordering on the dominions of the kingdom of Siam and the extensive territories of the Shan tribes, forming a considerable nation, ruled by their own chiefs and "Tswabwas," who are tributary to the kingdom. There are three great rivers: first, the Irrawaddy, upon which are the noted Burmese cities, the capital, Mandalay, and others, Prome, and Rangoon, the maritime port; next, the Salween, also flowing through Burmese territory, and reaching the sea in the Gulf of Martaban; and thirdly, the Menam, the great river of Siam, with the capital city of Bangkok near its mouth, in a wide gulf opening to the China Sea—these rivers have their courses almost parallel from north to south, but their basins, each forming a large and populous country, are separated by mountain barriers which present formidable obstacles to traffic.

Mercantile enterprise, in England as well as in India, desires the construction of a railway from west to east, connecting Burmah, Rangoon, Pegu, and Moulmein with Siam, not only for the sake of the Siamese trade, and that of the Shan States, which are highly productive and far from uncivilised, but also with a view to opening the commercial route northward of that country, into the Chinese province of Yunnan, and possibly thereby reaching the great emporium of Western China, the city of Chung-King, on the Yangtze-Kiang. For many years past access to Western China through the province of Yunnan, in which the Salween and other main rivers of the Indo-Chinese region take their rise, has been a cherished idea among Bengal merchants and those connected with them in business. It was formerly thought practicable to construct a railway directly eastward from Bhamo, at the head of the Irrawaddy navigation; but the rugged highlands and lofty mountain-ranges seem to forbid such an undertaking. Another proposal was that of a railway from Mandalay eastward, by Hlindet, to cross the many hill-ranges of the Shan country, to pass over the Salween at Takaw or at Kun Lon, and to reach one of the large towns in the Siamese northern provinces, either Kiang Hung or Szumao, which latter is near the Chinese frontier.

The cost of such a line would perhaps be too great for its ever becoming remunerative; and it is mentioned here only as giving additional interest to the country from which we have received the Sketches presented this week. Readers who care for the solution of this problem, or who feel any curiosity about the actual condition of Siam, and especially of the Shan States, and the large population on the Meh-Kong River, with its great towns and well-cultivated districts, should peruse a new book published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, rather obscurely entitled "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant." Its author, Mr. Holt Hallett, is a civil engineer, associated with Mr. Archibald Colquhoun in the task of exploring that region and making precise statistical inquiries to ascertain the best way of opening communication with available Indo-Chinese markets for British commerce. His narrative of many months' travel is full of entertaining descriptions and anecdotes, and is copiously illustrated; but while his account of the more civilised portion of the Shans reveals a more promising condition than was generally supposed, and greater capabilities of improvement, the Siamese administration is shown to be corrupt and oppressive, ill-deserving the favourable notices which it has obtained from some privileged English visitors to Bangkok. Mr. Hallett is the advocate of another railway scheme—that of a short line, easily constructed, from Moulmein to Raheng, north-west of Bangkok, avoiding the highlands that shut in the Salween Valley, and proceeding from Raheng northward into the Shan States. The British Indian Government, looking only to the interest of Burmah, declines to render any direct assistance to the project of the Moulmein-Raheng line; but the English Chambers of Commerce regard it with more favour.

In the meantime, an expedition has been sent from Mandalay, proceeding beyond the Salween, through the Burmese Shan territories, to ascertain the proper boundary of Siamese sovereignty; and we have received from an officer of this expedition, Captain G. F. Mocker, of the 52nd Light Infantry, the Sketches now published. The troops of the escort were encamped for their start, on Nov. 27, at the Meiktila Road railway Station, to the south of Mandalay; they marched east to Fort Stedman, and thence south to the Karen country, where they crossed the Salween River. Portraits of a Shan Tswabwa, or district chief, a Shan constable, and a guide, and a sketch of a canoe or dug-out boat on a lake, are included among these sketches. The Shans are loyal and peaceable in these parts of the Burmese dominion.

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CONCERNING THIN POTATIONS.

I have a great admiration of the worldly wisdom of Shakespeare's Fat Knight; but when he declares that if he had a thousand sons the first human principle he would teach them should be "to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack," I confess myself unable to follow him. I am prepared to grant that good sherris sack hath its virtues, though I doubt whether it is all that in his vinous enthusiasm he represents it to be. I will admit, *pace* Sir Wilfrid Lawson, that it hath a twofold operation—on the brain, which it renders apprehensive, quick, and forgetive; and on the blood, which it makes course from the inwards to the parts extreme. But, were Sir John here before me in bodily shape, with that rubicund face and round white beard of his, and that vast bulk of flesh which, I fear, the good sherris sack helped to create, I should be disposed to take him by the buttonhole of his doublet, and, though I know him to be cunning of fence and a fellow of infinite humour, to argue the matter with him thus:—

Thin potations, as the Fat Knight uses the term, refer to no beggarly sour compounds concocted by villainous winemakers, but to every liquor, however sound and wholesome, that is not sherris sack. It is obvious, then, that by forswearing all those eupetetic drinks you deny yourself a good deal that might prove as qualitative for the stomach as was the wine which Paul recommended to Timothy. To restrict your palate to sack only—to become a man of one drink—to store in your cellar a single vintage—is to reduce the tariff of your enjoyments in a temper of the narrowest prejudice, without obtaining any satisfactory compensation. For, even if we allow to sack that twofold operation which Sir John so loudly claims for it, even then it leaves untouched no small part of our humanity. The brain and the blood may be rarely stimulated, it is true; but what about our higher and purer nature? Sack, within a certain range, may quicken the intellectual faculties; but it surely fails to touch the softer emotions, the tenderer sympathies, the more genial and generous impulses of the heart. It develops, perhaps, a coarse physical courage—the courage, let us say, of the braggadocio; but the courage that endures, the patient fortitude that never yields—well, for that we must go to the "thin potations."

There is a vulgar kind of ambition in this everyday world of ours which refuses to be satisfied with anything less costly than sherris sack. And that, not for the sake of its happy "twofold operation," but because the possession of it is a satisfaction to the vanity, and it is patronised by society as "good form." Poor devils like Smith and Robinson may indulge in thin potations; but your shoddy Rothschild, your millionaire of the Stock Exchange, nothing will suffice but the sherris sack! Not for him the cheap claret that is served up on the frugal tables of Clapham or Peckham Rye. "The very best that money can buy, Sir—that is *my* maxim! This brand stood me in upwards of a guinea a bottle! 'Tis sherris sack, Sir—the same that sparkles in the beakers of the Prince of Wales!" And his wife must have *her* sherris sack (at the fashionable modiste's); and his sons and his daughters—all of them crave the stimulating drinks which figure highest in the price-lists of the world. Not that they have any appreciation of their personal virtues, nor that the supposed "twofold operation" is visible in any quickening of their apprehension or warming of their blood. They are guided simply by the dogmatic authority of fashion. Good Heavens! What a mass of pretension, hypocrisy, greed, mendacity, and humbug would be sent rolling into Cocytus, if people would but take to thin potations!

It would be curious to speculate as to the application of Falstaff's "first human principle" to literature. The other day I read a lecture by a very able and accomplished critic, in which he emphatically advised his hearers to read only the very best books—such as, for instance, in poetry, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser; in philosophy, Bacon and Berkeley, and so on—in a word, to forswear thin potations and addict themselves to sherris sack. Good advice, of course, from the critic's point of view; yet conceived, one may venture to say, in too narrow a spirit. For, what is to become of all the vendors of thin potations if these are to be rigorously eschewed? Besides, sherris sack is too strong for every stomach—at least, for daily drinking; and there are times and seasons when even robust stomachs demand a less stimulating draught. Shall we not refresh ourselves, on occasion, with William Browne and Phineas Fletcher, with Crashaw and Herrick, with Gray and Collins, because their work lacks the majesty of Milton or the rich pictorial charm of Spenser? And, in our own days, is the dainty verse of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Locker-Lampson, to say nothing of the fine music of Mr. Swinburne—and there are other of our contemporaries whose names will occur to everyone—to be neglected because the liberal gods have given us the larger teaching of Browning and the exquisite art of Tennyson? I speak only of the poets; but I do not feel inclined to put aside Freeman or Gardiner because Imperial Rome produced Tacitus, or the "Obiter Dicta" of Mr. Birrell because Bacon wrote Essays, and Charles Lamb was transfigured into "Elia." There were giants in the land in the days when Fielding and Smollett wrote fiction, and they have had their equals since in Thackeray and Charles Dickens and George Eliot; but shall I, therefore, refuse to acknowledge the claims of Blackmore and Hardy, Besant, Norris, and Mrs. Oliphant?

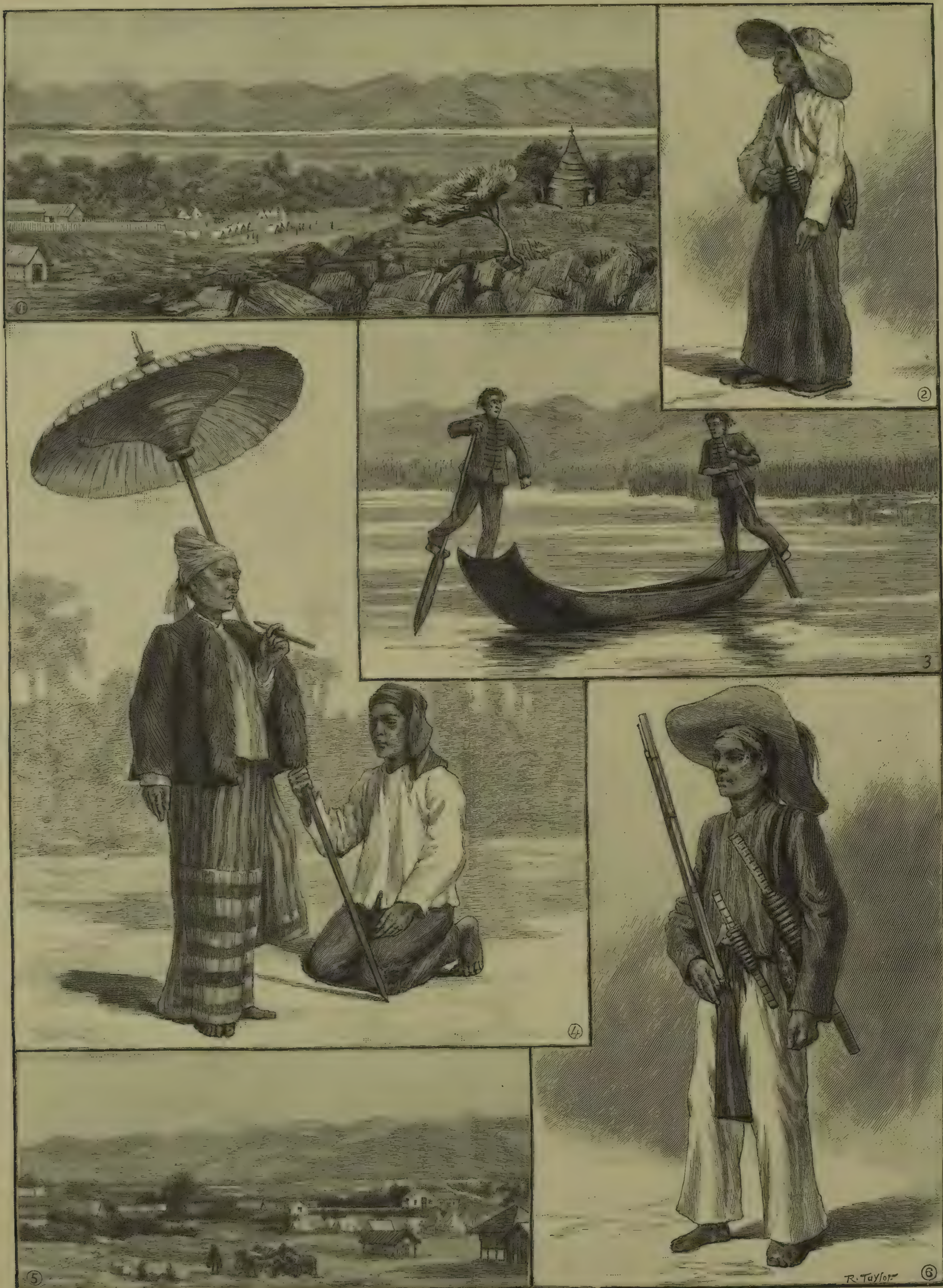
I always feel inclined to offer a word of humble advocacy on behalf of the lesser stars of the world's firmament; not alone for the "minor poets" and smaller writers, but for those artists, politicians, reformers, and men of action generally who fail to make their way into the front rank, or to carry off the spoils of victory. I think we are too apt to forget how much good and lasting work is done by the second-rate men, who bear the lamps—lighted, it is true, by the greater intelligences—bear them onwards with steady hands, from generation to generation, the lamps of knowledge, patriotism, morality, and the heroic virtues, diffusing their rays in all directions, and bringing even to the humblest heart some particles at least of the light that never fades. They are entitled to our gratitude, and we load them with contempt or indifference!

Yet, if we spoke the truth to ourselves and to others, we should own that we are often well pleased to take up with these smaller men, if only because they are nearer to us than the high-priests of humanity, and understand us better. From a Transfiguration by Raffaele the eye travels willingly at times to a homely English landscape by Linnell. There are hours in every life when the simple music of the older singers appeals to us more sympathetically than the complex harmonies of "the lords of song." Plato and Aristotle sometimes fatigue us. How weary the world would grow of a succession of Julius Cæsars! So let the vendors of thin potations take courage: they have their uses in the universal economy. Their honest brewage refreshes many a wayfarer when stronger liquors would overhear his blood. They who live always at high pressure will do well to remember that even to Falstaff arrived a time when it became needful to purge and live cleanly and forswear sack—yes, to him, who, in the heyday of rank living, had laid it down as the first human principle—to forswear Thin Potations. W. H. D.-A.

Major Lane, Governor of her Majesty's Prison at Chelmsford, has accepted the governorship of Armley Prison, Leeds.

At the meeting of the London County Council on April 1, Lord Lingen, Chairman of the Finance Committee, presented the estimates for 1890-1, which amount to a total of £1,732,121 for the ensuing twelve months.

The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to two apprentices—William Elibank Murray and Quintin A. Rhodes—on board the ship, Northbrook, of London, in recognition of their daring behaviour during a fierce hurricane off Cape Horn.



1. Camp at Fort Stedman.
2. A Shan Gulde.

3. A dug-out Boat on Lake Tuli, showing Natives' Method of Rowing.
4. A Shan Tswabwa, or District Chief.

5. Camp at Melktila Road Railway Station.
6. A Shan Policeman.

SKETCHES WITH THE ANGLO-SIAM BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. H. H. Champion, as a platform orator energetically proclaiming the demands of the labouring classes, has made himself prominent of late years; but it is rather a surprise to observe the facility with which he adopts a peculiar literary form and style—that of the argumentative dialogue or conference between friendly inquirers—heretofore affected by the more critical and academical order of writers. He contrives so to manage the talk between Lord Tremain, Lord Beaulieu, Mr. Trevor, Mr. Borrodaile Higgs, Mr. Clifford, and “Mr. Blake the Socialist,” as to score a few shrewd hits to the credit of the last-named disputant, but it does not amount to much after all. Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald’s long-drawn-out chain of reasonings in favour of a compulsory eight-hour limitation of daily labour is also sustained by taking for granted many conditions which would seem practically not to be relied on in the present state of trade. The French fishery claims in Newfoundland are explained and discussed by Mr. Justice Pinsent, of that colony. Mr. Hamilton Aidé narrates a mysterious table-turning performance of Home, the medium, twenty years ago at Nice, when Alphonse Karr was present. Recent French and other foreign picture exhibitions are compared by Mr. J. A. Crowe with the position of the English school of painting. Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., presents minute statistical information concerning the sale and use of horseflesh as an article of human food. Mr. Herbert Spencer’s philosophical exposition of the origin of the sentiment of justice will command thoughtful study. The administration of the Government of Java by Sir Stamford Raffles, from 1811 to 1816, is related by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord in an interesting memoir. Lord Ribblesdale gives some account of foxhunting at Gibraltar. The attacks of Professor Huxley on democratic politics and on theories of land nationalisation are repelled by Mr. Michael Flürscheim. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., treats of the changed condition of Ireland since fifty years ago. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett contributes a trustworthy estimate of the statesmanship of Prince Bismarck.

Contemporary Review.—The imaginary private conversation between Prince Bismarck and the young Emperor William II., at midnight, in the Imperial Palace at Berlin, seems to us a crude and shallow conception, in very doubtful taste, and with as little of true humour as of sagacious insight. The important discovery of coal in Kent, and probably in other southern counties, is the subject of an article by Professor W. Boyd Dawkins. Mr. Hall Caine insists on the share of romantic element and idealism in English novel-writing. The value of that principle in the Constitution of Switzerland called “the Referendum,” by which direct popular suffrage has a veto on legislative acts touching vital and fundamental conditions of the State, is discussed by Professor Albert Dicey. “Sunlight or Smoke?” by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, is a forcible description of the befouled and obscured atmosphere of Bolton and other Lancashire manufacturing towns. Mr. Samuel Laing’s vindication of democratic government, by the examples of the United States, of Great Britain, and of our Colonies, during twenty years past, is a sufficient answer to much peevish and arrogant detraction. The Rev. Dr. Alfred Cave, in reply to the Rev. Canon Driver, challenges some critics of Scripture, who impugn the authenticity and antiquity of some books of the Old Testament, to meet him in closed lists of controversy. An essay on industrial co-operation, by Mr. David Schloss, and a sad account, by Mr. Richard Heath, of the condition of the poor and labouring classes at Rotterdam, are instructive reading. Miss Julia Wedgwood’s commentary on Shakspeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” and Mr. W. J. Stillman’s testimony concerning the grievances of the Cretans, the rule of Turkish Pashas, and the causes of repeated insurrections, will be found worthy of perusal. The Chairman of the London School Board, the Rev. J. R. Diggle, contends against the proposed summary abolition of school-fees.

National Review.—The necessity of amending the Factory Act, and the ineffective action of the Lords’ Committee on the Sweating System, are exposed by Mr. Arthur Baumann, M.P. There is a review of the London winter and spring Art Exhibitions, by Mrs. Henry Ady. Mr. C. Parkinson urges the duty of doing something to prevent colliery explosions: his own idea is that the carburetted hydrogen gas would not be so dangerous if the mine were kept somewhat moist. Mr. J. Dickinson’s anecdotes of the old-fashioned Yorkshire dalesmen are pleasant and amusing. The economic disadvantages of an eight-hour daily labour regulation universally enforced are logically expounded by Mr. J. A. Hobson. The Rev. Harry Jones, formerly a London clergyman, now a country clergyman, shows up, with his wonted shrewdness and precision, the way of trade in which Norfolk produce of kitchen vegetables

is enormously taxed by London middlemen, to the injury both of the London poor and of the struggling small farmer. “A Surrey Home,” by Evelyn Pyne, is a charming rural idyl. Mr. A. Shadwell, a medical man, discusses the question of muzzling dogs as the preventive of canine rabies. Mr. Charles Edwardes, who describes so well the less-known scenes of travelling observation in Southern Europe, relates a tour in Calabria pleasantly and instructively. The Rev. Alfred Church reviews an important work on the biography of notable Saints and Bishops of the Early Christian Church. Mr. H. G. Keene’s strictures on the fantastic notion of Home-Rule for India deserve serious attention.

Fortnightly Review.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne resumes his critical examination of the Elizabethan and seventeenth-century dramatists, treating now of Shirley, whom he does not rank too high. The Hon. G. N. Curzon’s account of his observations recently made in Persia, on the Karun River, an important navigable tributary of the confluence between the Lower Euphrates and Tigris, is of some practical service when that river has been opened to British commerce. The besetting faults of London theatrical management, from the point of

Royal College of Surgeons, exposing the narrowness of its constitution, with the election of the Council exclusively by the Fellows, and demanding prompt reform.

New Review.—An article on the fall of Prince Bismarck says what most of us say, adding several characteristic personal anecdotes. Miss Olive Schreiner, author of “The Story of an African Farm,” presents the first part, “Hell,” of a mystical religious vision; the second part is to be “Heaven.” The political and social significance of the Berlin International Conference on Labour does not meet with favourable estimation in the view of M. Emile Ollivier, who regards the German Empire as an embodiment of sheer military force. Sir Morell Mackenzie warns vocalists not to smoke cigarettes, for fear of spoiling the throat and larynx. Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., thinks it is time to face the question of Church Disestablishment. Mr. Henry George, of course, denounces the Irish Land Purchase Act as “unsound and vicious”; for he considers that the land ought not to belong either to the present landlords or to the tenants. Other articles are one by “Stepniak,” on Russian penal settlements in the far northern districts of Siberia; a notice of some ladies intimate with Chateaubriand; and something about novels and plays and their critics. Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Andrew Lang have begun the joint composition of a romance, entitled “The World’s Desire,” in which our favourite old Greek hero, Odysseus or Ulysses, is once more set afloat.

Universal Review.—The analysis, by Mr. E. J. Dillon, of a new tale by Count Leo Tolstoy, not yet published, but read in private circles, which is entitled “The Kreutzer Sonata,” does not lead us to desire its perusal. It seems to be a revolting story of unhappy marriage and wife-murder, imbued with morbid sentimentality concerning the relations of the sexes. This article is accompanied by two portraits of Tolstoy and a picture of him ploughing in his fields. Sir Charles Dilke’s important work on the British Empire and Colonies is reviewed by Mr. Frank Hill, an able and independent political writer. “A Trip to Japan,” by Mr. Alfred East, is illustrated by that artist’s drawings, while his notes are compiled in literary form by Mr. Harry Quilter. Mr. O’Connor Power reports a dialogue on the subject of Mr. Andrew Carnegie’s recent article in the *North American Review*, “The Gospel of Wealth.” A dramatic sketch, by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the same theme which Mr. R. H. Horne treated long ago in one of his most effective works, “Kit Marlowe’s Death,” has been acquired for the Haymarket stage. Dean Spence’s musings in Gloucester Cathedral are inspired by interesting historical recollections. “Poetry and Science,” by Mr. George Barlow, is a mildly humorous tirade, in trim and tripping verse, against the tendency of this age to eschew fanciful fables of the supernatural kind. Mr. W. M. Hardinge contributes further memorials of Dante Rossetti; and a French journalist describes the life and poetic genius of Paul Verlaine. “The Wages of Sin,” by Lucas Malet, is continued.

Blackwood’s Magazine.—The imaginary history, supposed to be written in the year 1920, of a Home Rule Revolution in Scotland, and its disastrous consequences, is an ingenious device of political controversy; and the writer, who signs himself “Alexander Dunbar,” has a vigorous fancy and an energetic style. Natural history, as studied in Surrey, is pleasantly and instructively taught in a minute description of the river Mole, its fishes, insects, and birds. Cricket and golf—comparing those games

—Tenerife, the Transvaal, Indian currency and exchange, and the politics of the Session are described and discussed. Four or five chapters are added to “Sons and Daughters.”

Macmillan’s Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant’s story “of Kirsteen” approaches its conclusion. Sir Frederick Pollock discourses on the early tenure of land, and on modern land-transfer. The author of “A Real Working Man” describes the life of the rustic poor. Mr. Rennell Rodd cruises among the isles of Greece. Miss Godkin notices a few traits of Cavour’s early life. “Conflicts of Experience,” by H. G. Keene, and “Poets and Puritans,” by J. G. Dow, are thoughtful short essays. A genuine humourist, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, tells a diverting story, “The Man Who Was,” of a Russian spy among British and Indian soldiers at Peshawar.

Murray’s Magazine.—“Medical Relief in London,” a topic of importance in connection with Charity Organisation, is discussed by Mr. C. S. Loch. Lady Frederick Cavendish relates a tour in South Africa. The currency problem, usually a dull subject, is enlivened by Mr. George Rae’s fable of a mixed company of gold and silver coins, banknotes, and cheques, talking over their rival virtues in a banker’s drawer. Mr. A. Campbell Swinton comments on the position of electric lighting; and Mr. Morley Roberts notices the manners of waiters at London restaurants.



EARLY BLOSSOMS.—AFTER C. BANTZER.

view of high dramatic art, with suggestions of remedial measures, are brought forward by Mr. Oswald Crawford, who is, we believe, her Majesty’s Consul at Oporto. Mrs. Lynn Lynton’s disconsolate lamentation over the existing state of literature and of literary criticism is much too querulous, harsh, and sombre, without a glimpse of fairer prospects. The evils of the sweating system in London industries, as exposed by the House of Lords’ Committee, again occupy the pen of Mr. David Schloss. Mlle. Blaze de Bury calls attention to the merits of two French novelists—“Jules de Glouvet,” an assumed name, and E. Melchior de Vogué—whose latest works she proclaims to be the first-fruits of a potent revival of Idealism in the literary taste of that nation. The differences of physical constitution in different European races and classes, with a view to army service, are examined by Mr. Walter Montagu Gattie in a statistical review. Miss Clementina Black replies to Mrs. Mona Caird’s rather startling denunciation of ordinary married life: she concludes with the just remark that “easier divorce may be necessary, but the opportunity of making wiser and happier marriages is more necessary still.” An unsigned article on the need of establishing an independent organ of authoritative counsel with regard to the naval and military defences of the Empire seems to have some such actual project behind it. Sir Morell Mackenzie opens his battery of attack on the

AN ARRAN RIDE.

"Hamish will just be putting the mare in the cart to drive over the ladies, so the need is not so great for hurrying."

The arrangement of the crofter's wife is hospitably meant, if somewhat ominously expressed. Conveyance of any kind, moreover, will be most acceptable to the two ladies of the party after their long ramble on seashore and moorland; and the more primitive it prove, the more fittingly will it end the memories of the day. "Meanwhile 'the need is not so great for hurrying,'" repeats one of the two slyly, out of hearing of her hostess, and, pulling off her gloves, proceeds to gather pleasure from the blazing chimneyful of peat. Leaning back in the warm light, she stirs the white feathery ash with a dainty boot, and discovers, to the boot's cost and her own surprise, that the whiteness of the heap conceals a glow of burning red. It is a peculiarity of the Highland character as of the Highland fuel, this fire within the grey exterior, needing only a touch or a breath to show itself.

The light ash of the peat, they say, flies everywhere about a sheiling. But it is a cleanly thing. It leaves no tarnish here, at any rate, on the snowy wood dresser or its high rack of shining delf. The tall old-fashioned mahogany case-clock in the corner, an heirloom much valued, may have absorbed more of the powder, perhaps, than conduces to regular intestinal working; but the open iron creuzie or cresset lamp hanging quaintly, though now unused, from the high mantelshelf, is kept clear enough for lighting yet if need were; and maybe the hams and "kippered" fish hanging from hooks in the blackened rafters are rather improved in flavour by the condiment.

But look here. With true Highland hospitality, preparations for tea have been surreptitiously advanced, and the fresh, wholesome-looking daughter of the house and her mother lift into the middle of the earthen floor the table ready caparisoned with cloth of snow, glittering cups and knives, heaped sugar-bowl, and beaker of rich yellow cream. A lissome flower of the moors is this crofter maid. The oatmeal which she has been baking is not more soft and fair than the skin of the comely lass, and, as she smiles reply in lifting the toasted oat-farles from the flat iron "girdle" swung over the fire, it needs no poet to notice that her eyes are bits of summer sea and her mouth a damask bud. The toasted farles of oat-cake from her hand send forth an ambrosial smell which, with the fragrance of the new-made tea, is irresistible to hungry folk, and no pressing Highland exhortation is needed to set visitors of both sexes to the attack of the viands.

Not till everyone has again and again declared sheer inability to pursue the attack further does the announcement come that "the mare is in the cart." A chair, therefore, is presently carried out, and the whole party of four mount into the rough vehicle among the straw. Hereupon follow a hand-shaking and repetition of hospitable invitations to return that begin to become almost embarrassing, before Hamish starts at his horse's head upon the moor track.

A long, memorable day it has been, amid the warm sunshine and the bright seabreeze—a day to do the heart good and to tire the limbs royally: the morning draught of brave mountain air and life on the white moorland road before the inn; the forenoon ramble, rod in hand, on the warm gorse-path by the river; luncheon in quaint-flavoured, wit-haunted company by the blue Kilbrannan Sound, with nothing to interrupt but the beat of sudden outflitting wings sometimes about the warm cliff crannies overhead, and, on the beach below, the soft caressing murmur of the secret-telling sea; the afternoon drive to the far hill-clachan, where the turf roofs were tied down with heather ropes, where the brown women were carrying sea-wrack to manure their fields, and where, as a back-sound to the quaint-turned Highland speech, was heard the thud-thud of the swinging flails; and, last of all, the return at evening by the high moorland path, with the amethyst fire dying out on Ben Ghail in the east, and, in the west, the sunset heavens aflame with saffron and rose, and the sea a living splendour of generous wine. Now it is night, and the air comes cooler over the moor. No air is like Arran air at night, with its vague herb-perfumes adrift, for stirring old memories and desires in the heart and new ambitions in the blood. Upon its clear breath old designs, old possibilities long forgotten, come back again to make life and hope. By it the vapours of worldly wisdom are blown aside, the cloud-wrack care of intervening years is lifted, and one walks again clear-hearted for a time in the April valley of his youth. Night anywhere has charms for those who think, but night upon the moors possesses an influence peculiarly its own. The primeval heath, wild and undescrated by the hand of man, lies under "the splendid-mooned and jewelled night," shadowy and mystic with the silence of the ages. Abroad upon the moor at such an hour seem to brood the imaginings of an older world, and the grey stone circles standing gaunt yet upon the Arran wilds are hardly needed to suggest the memory that along these wilds, once upon a time, wound processions of bearded Druids, to practise under the starry influences rites of a faith now long forgotten.

Meanwhile Hamish makes way steadily, though by tortuous windings. None but a native bred on the spot could conduct a vehicle safely by night across these moors. Where unaccustomed eyes can make out no sign whatever of a track, and where a single mistake would send one wheel floundering into a peat-hag and the other spinning in the air, or capsize the whole equipage into the miry abysses of a bog, Hamish leads confidently on, with no worse result than the jolting of a rugged road. The mare is a sturdy beast of the small sure-footed Arran breed, now dying out, and she pulls away gallantly among rocks and heath-tufts that would bring any other sort of horse to quick disaster. It takes her master all his time to keep up with her on the rough ground, and he has breath left for no more than an occasional "Ay, ay!" or "Deed, yes, Sir!" in the true Arran accent. English is evidently the less familiar language to him: his remarks to the mare, *sotto voce*, are in Gaelic.

All last month after nightfall tufts and sheets of flame were to be seen among the darkness of the hills; for in March they burn the heather on the sheep-farms to let the young herbage come up, and the conflagrations which appear as pillars of smoke by day become pillars of fire by night. But in April the moorland birds have begun to build their nests, and the hills are left to them in darkness and in peace. The only light to be seen from the cart is that in the window of the croft far behind, which will be kept aglow by thoughtful hands as a guide till Hamish's return after moonset. Over the brow of the moor, however, the shining lights of the clachan at the mountain foot before long come into sight, and away to the right, tremulous with silver and shadows, the sheen of the moonlight can be made out on the sea. Rapidly now the path descends, plunging presently through lanes of high thorn hedges where the stars are all but shut out overhead. The rush of a river is heard, the wheels grate harshly on the gravel, there is a sudden and vigorous splashing of hoofs, and the mare has passed the ford. Then a half-mile of climb uphill on a good road, and Hamish stands still with his charge at the door of the inn.

G. E.-T.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN OGILVY, BART.

Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., of Inverquhar, in the county of Forfar, J.P. and D.L., died at North Berwick on March 30, aged eighty-eight. He was eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir William Ogilvy, eighth Baronet, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Morley, Bombay Civil Service, and succeeded to the Baronetcy at his father's death in 1823.

He married first, July 7, 1831, Juliana Barbara, youngest daughter of Lord Henry Howard, and by her (who died Dec. 27, 1833) had a daughter, Juliana, wife of Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart., and one son, now Sir Reginald Howard Alexander Ogilvy, tenth Baronet, born May 29, 1832, who married, July 27, 1859, Olivia Barbara, only daughter of the ninth Lord Kinnaird, K.T., and was left a widower in 1871, with four sons and one daughter. The late Sir John married secondly, April 5, 1836, Lady Jane Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Suffolk, and by her (who died July 28, 1861) had two sons and two surviving daughters. The Baronet whose death we record was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, and was formerly in the 2nd Life Guards. He sat, as M.P. for Dundee, as a Liberal, from 1857 to 1874, and was Convener of Forfarshire, Hon. Colonel 1st Volunteer Battalion the Black Watch, and Lieutenant-General Royal County Archers.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General W. C. Menzies, late of the Royal Engineers, at St. Heliers, Jersey, on March 31, at the age of seventy-two years.

General John Yorke, C.B., Colonel of the 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars, of Plas Newydd, Llangollen, on March 28, after a short illness, in his seventy-seventh year. He had been in the Army since 1832. He commanded the Royal Dragoons in the Crimean campaign, and was severely wounded at the battle of Balaclava.

Mr. John G. Richardson of Bessbrook, in the county of Armagh, and Moyallen, in the county of Down, so well known for his great activity and interest in the manufactures of Ulster, the founder of the Bessbrook Spinning Mills, on March 28. A baronetcy was, it is stated, offered to him in 1884, but declined. His son, Mr. James Richardson, was at one time M.P. for the county of Armagh.

The Ven. Archdeacon Gray, D.D., LL.D., at St. Leonards, at the age of sixty-two. After filling for a short period the Curacy of Rothlay, in Leicestershire, Mr. Gray proceeded to Canton as Chaplain to the British factory there, and in 1852 became Consular Chaplain also. In 1867 he was made Archdeacon of Southern China. He was the author of "Walks in Canton," "China: A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People," and other works.

Mrs. Henry Concannon, *née* Countess Marie de Lusi, on March 21, at her residence, 22, Upper Mount-street, Dublin. Mrs. Concannon was the eldest surviving daughter of the late Frederick William, Count De Lusi, by his wife, Marie Giffard, daughter of the late Sir Duke Giffard, Bart., of Castle Jordan, in the county of Meath. The deceased lady was the widow of the late Henry Concannon, Q.C., a distinguished ornament of the Irish Bar, and a member of an old county Galway family.

The Rev. Christopher Bowen, of Tofland Bay, Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, one of the oldest clergymen of the Established Church. He was born in 1801, and was one of the oldest graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, having taken his Bachelor's degree there as far back as the year 1824: he was ordained in the following year by the Bishop of Killaloe. He married Katherine, daughter of Sir Richard Steele, Bart., and had two sons, of whom the elder is the Right Hon. Sir Charles Synge Christopher Bowen, Lord Justice of Appeal.

Major-General Alexander Mackenzie, C.B., late of the 78th Highlanders, on March 5, at his residence, The Manse, near Avoch, N.B., aged seventy. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and, entering the Army in 1840, rose to the rank of Major-General in 1878. He served with his regiment in the Persian war of 1857 and in the Indian Mutiny campaign. He was several times mentioned in despatches for his gallantry, and received two medals with clasps and a year's service. He was decorated with the Companionship of the Bath in 1869.

The Rev. George Butler, D.D., Canon of Winchester Cathedral, on March 14, in London, aged seventy. He entered Exeter College, Oxford, in 1836, and, after a successful University course, obtained a Fellowship in 1842. In 1852 he was appointed Public Examiner in the University of Oxford, and in 1856 Examiner for the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service. He was Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College from 1859 to 1865, and Principal of Liverpool College from 1866 to 1882. In the latter year he was appointed Canon of Winchester. His brother, the Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, D.D., also a brilliant classical scholar, is Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, since 1886.

Admiral W. Maitland Dougall, at Scotsraig, his seat in Fifeshire, aged seventy-one. He accompanied his uncle, Sir Frederick Maitland, when he hoisted his flag for the East India station. He went through the first war in China, where in 1842 he was in command of H.M.S. *Algerine*. He subsequently commanded H.M.S. *Electra*, but was unable to retain it owing to the effect of a blow upon the head from a spar at the taking of Amoy, which effaced the prospect of a distinguished naval career. In 1851 he married Miss Elizabeth Dougall, and led an active life as a magistrate and in command of artillery volunteers and submarine engineers. The Admiral was a keen golfer, and a medallist of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. Once, while engaged in a competition, a wreck took place in St. Andrews Bay. Throwing down his golf clubs, he captained the life-boat, saved the crew of the vessel, returned to the game, and carried off the club medal.

The Clothworkers' Company have given £100 towards the funds of the Finsbury Polytechnic.

Mr. William Powell Frith, R.A., has requested to be placed on the retired list of the Royal Academicians.

The export of gold from the Cape of Good Hope during March amounted in value to £144,000.

The Bishop of Oxford confirmed about 150 of the students of Eton College at the annual service which was held on March 29 in the College Chapel.

Mr. C. J. Swanston, C.B., has been appointed Assistant Secretary for the Marine Department, in the place of the late Mr. Thomas Gray; and Mr. A. D. Berrington, Chief Inspector of Fisheries, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Swanston as Assistant Secretary for the Fisheries Department.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK COLLECTOR.

The charm of a collection lies in the making of it. Sportsmen and married men, even though they are not collectors, recognise the truth of this aphorism. The first woodcock, "Leonora," and Keats's "Endymion" are alike in this particular. We love them best ere they become our own. Our adoration dwindles as our sense of possession grows, and No. 9 shot, Cupid's arrow, and Mr. Hodge's hammer destroy our inspirations at the moment they bring down our prey. The sanity of book-collectors has often been called into question, but only by people who know nothing about them: they are sane enough, Heaven knows! but they are heartless monsters. They compass heaven and earth to obtain one book. They lie for it, they steal for it, they beg for it, they run into debt for it, but when they have got it, and the first rapture of possession is over, it lies unheeded on the shelves from year's end to year's end.

And yet there is a fine rapture in pursuit! It is the most exhilarating thing in the world to hunt down some scarce and early edition, or to track to its hiding-place some missing second volume, and mate it to volume one, from whom it has been so long separated, or to whom, mayhap, it is a complete stranger.

There was a story— But you shall hear it yourselves.

Grimm's Fairy Tales, as we English people know them, were originally published in two volumes. The first volume came out in 1823, and the other in 1826. They were illustrated by George Cruikshank; and the illustrations are universally admitted to be the finest that the artist ever produced, and have won from Mr. Ruskin a fine tribute of praise, as being "unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt, and in some qualities of delineation unrivalled even by him." It is not surprising that these books, which were highly popular with all children worthy of the name, more than half a century ago, should now be exceedingly scarce. The fact, moreover, of the separate publication of the two volumes at intervals of three years renders it still more improbable that they should be found together. Collectors of books have increased in numbers both in England and in America, and the prices which these works bring in the sale-room are every year assuming larger proportions. The two volumes of these Fairy Tales are, when obtainable, the corner-stone of a Cruikshank collection; and collectors jostle one another in their eagerness to obtain a copy, for they are greedy and grasping. One among them has at least three copies of the Fairy Tales in boards, uncut. He cannot want more than one copy. He gloats over the remaining two, and feels a fierce joy in the fact of the deprivation of two other collectors. This selfishness, this dog-in-the-manger policy, which is observable in most book-collectors, clearly establishes their reputation for sanity and business-like habits. They cannot upset the grain or cotton trades, or even raise the price of salt, like other business men, but they are very keenly alive to the value of a book, and drive somewhat hard bargains even with so astute a body of men as "dealers." But to return to the Fairy Tales. The first volume, with the illustrations printed in brown ink, is not so scarce as the second, the reason being that after publication it "caught on" better than its successor did, and more copies were, accordingly, issued.

A book-collector, who shall be nameless, had made up his mind to procure these two volumes in some way or another. He had not sufficient money to leave an open commission for a copy. He had a faint recollection of a copy being sold at the Beckford sale for nearly £40. He had considerable patience, however, and a mild sort of guile, which assist a man in quests of this kind. He also knew a number of elderly people who said that they remembered a copy of these tales, illustrated by Cruikshank, being in the nursery, though they could not recollect if there were two volumes or only one. A sharp look-out was kept on nurseries, but in vain. One fine morning our collector visited a friend in his chambers in the Temple, who showed him a copy of Volume II., in boards, with the edges uncut. It is true that it was very dirty, but that was no matter—it would clean. Bookbinders can clean anything. But it had one flaw which bookbinders could not repair: there was one page missing. Still, no matter. It might have been an illustration. The owner, who had got it from an obscure bookseller for fifteen shillings, refused to part with it, and the years rolled on. On another fine morning this hunter sauntered into a bookshop in Manchester, and played with the books on the shelves, but saw nothing. He languidly watched the bookseller's assistant tearing to pieces a small book, and asked him what he was doing. The boy replied that as the book was imperfect he was tearing out the two or three engravings in it to sell separately. This book was Volume II. of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The heart of the patient collector throbbed, and on the tablets of his memory there burned in golden numerals the number of the missing page. For one shilling he purchased the whole chapter, fearing lest if he asked for one page only the boy would suspect his guilt and refuse to sell it him.

With this page he returned to London—and to wait.

His friend still remained inexorable, and the missing page reposed in the collector's escritoire. But importunity had its reward, and at length, for two pounds, Sheppard's Touchstone, Coke's Reports, and one or two other law-books, Volume II. passed into the possession of the man who knew how to wait.

Next for Volume I.

This time he went to a well-known firm of booksellers, and asked them if they had a copy of Volume I. of Grimm's Fairy Tales. They had not got a copy just then in stock—as if he had been asking for a stone of *Magnum Bonum* potatoes!—but they knew of a copy. They also knew, though how it is not quite clear, that this request for Volume I. was the result of the possession of Volume II., and it was anticipated that blood would be drawn. On the appointed day the collector presented himself at the shop and laid his neck bare to the knife, saying to the bookseller, "Bleed me, if you like, for I expect to be bled; but have a care, there is a limit, and I have fixed on the amount of blood I will give. What is the price?" "Six guineas," he replied, "or if you like we will give you £10 for Volume II." Six guineas was the limit he had fixed on: he paid the money, and bore away Volume I. He had now both volumes and a page. Volume I. was uncut, but bound in a detestable citron morocco binding, which looked vulgar as well as ugly; Volume II. was still in boards waiting to be bound. The page was also, quite properly, in waiting.

Messrs. Riviere did the rest. In crimson morocco, leather-jointed, gilt tooled, super-extra, with festoons and masks, with top edges gilt and the remaining edges uncut, "The German Popular Stories" of the Brothers Grimm would be the pride and glory of any library. A hunt that had lasted over many years, a search crowned with the most complete success—surely, if any man would cling to what he had so hardly won, it would be this patient and intrepid collector!

He told his friends the other day, with a nasty look in his eye which they did not like, that he had sold it for £10 to an American book-agent.

Perhaps, on the whole, cheap reprints are the best in the long-run.

T. T. C.



Haskell Institute Lawrence Kansas



The Chapel



Indian Girls in School dress



A Chief's daughter



Indian Boys in School dress

Harvey Whiteshield
a finished pupil

Indian Boy at home



Town of Lawrence from the Kansas River

Stanley L Wood



"Little Elk" Pawnee Chief - a pupil's father

S. L. Wood
Kansas '87.

BYAUMANN

THE HASKELL INSTITUTE, A TRAINING COLLEGE FOR INDIANS, AT LAWRENCE, IN KANSAS.

The Indian training college, situated two miles south of Lawrence, in Douglas County, Kansas, is called the Haskell Institute, after Mr. Dudley Haskell, one of the representatives of that State in Congress. It is under the control of the United States Government.

The inmates are male and female members from all tribes living in the Indian territory, our correspondent having seen there representatives of twenty-six different tribes. The Cheyennes are the brightest and easiest to teach. Harvey Whiteshield, one of this tribe, and son of the principal chief of the tribe—Chief White Shield—has been five years at the Government Institute at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, also at college

at Hanover, in Indiana, and finished at the Haskell Institute. The boys are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with carpentry and waggon-building and tailoring. The girls learn reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and cooking. The pupils' uniforms are all made by the boys and girls, under the superintendence of capable teachers. The girls wear pinafores and stuff dresses; the boys, dark jean suits, somewhat similar to the uniform of the United States troops, and soft hats. The idea is to educate the pupils, and teach them useful trades, so as to wean them from their nomadic way of living.

Haskell is one of the foremost colleges of its kind, after Carlisle, in Pennsylvania: it can accommodate over five

hundred boys and girls. The town of Lawrence being not a great distance from the Indian territory, the Indians will let their children come to Haskell, rather than let them go so far as Carlisle. The college is, in fact, a large boarding-school, with a competent staff of male and female teachers. No special form of religion is enforced, but the Indians are partial to the Congregational manner of worship. This is somewhat due to the fine singing always to be heard at the Lawrence Congregational Church. The beneficial effects of the institution of this training college will be seen fully when the majority of the tribes are educated. There is a fine museum of Indian relics attached to the college.



THE TONHON COLUMN CROSSING THE SWALEI RIVER, IN UPPER BURMAH.

NEW BOOKS.

History of Art in Sardinia, Judæa, Syria, and Asia Minor. From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. Translated and Edited by J. Gonino. (Chapman and Hall, 1890.)—Sardinia for centuries has been an enigma to men of science and research. Situated within a few hours' sail of the most civilised nations of Europe, as well as of the most advanced inhabitants of Northern Africa, it opposed a passive resistance to every form of culture. On its coasts the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans founded settlements, and, by turns, worked the rich mines with which the country abounded; but there is little evidence that they ever penetrated beyond the fringe of the island, or even made acquaintance with the inhabitants of the upper plateaux and the mountain valleys. Who these primitive people were, and if, indeed, they were the aboriginal race of the island, is a matter of conjecture and dispute. The Sardi, as it is agreed to call the earliest known inhabitants of the island, have left few, if any, of those traces of art by which it has been possible to fix with some degree of probability the place of each people in the scale of civilisation. The only important remains in the island of Sardinia which point to a remote antiquity are the "nuraghs," rough watch-towers, which may have served as rallying-points to the natives when first attacked by Tyrian traders or Punic invaders. M. Perrot inclines, but not with much confidence, to the idea that the builders of these towers may have been Libyans, forced out of Africa about the fourteenth or fifteenth century B.C., at a time when there seems to have been an abnormal displacement of the peoples inhabiting the eastern shores of the Mediterranean or Ægean Seas. Beyond a knowledge of agriculture, and possibly a love of the chase, they seem to have brought little with them, and it was probably not until many centuries later that the nuraghs began to be built. If the Ortu Nuragh, as restored by M. Chipiez, is anything like a correct guess, the Sardi must at some time and from some source have imbibed an idea of constructing fortresses which, to our eyes, ought to have been impregnable; but what causes the despair of the explorers is that these buildings, which are limited to a well-defined district occupying the north-eastern half of the island, have yielded no real clue as to their original purpose, and no relics by which the condition of the builders can be guessed. Necklaces, rings, armlets, enamelled figures of clay or other materials, which abound in Punic tombs or are found among the ruins of Punic cities, are unknown in the nuragh district of Sardinia. Even in the country which lay in direct proximity to the Tyrian or Carthaginian settlements the traces of anything suggestive of even a rudimentary civilisation are extremely rare. The statuettes from the Teti district, which stretches like a tongue into Phœnician territory, if not numerous, are found in sufficient numbers to offer matter for speculation. They are rude in the extreme, made either of brass or bronze, with no sense of beauty or dignity, the work of men at the very threshold of the artificer's trade. Their distinguishing features are two large horns or double-pointed caps, with which the majority of the figures are adorned, and the constant absence of beard. The hair of the head is represented in many statuettes, but the faces are uniformly beardless; and it may be that from this distinctive sign some theory of the origin of the ancient Sardi may be ultimately constructed. Meanwhile, M. Perrot has brought together all that has hitherto been discovered and suggested on this point, and has supplemented the labours of others by the fruits of his patient personal explorations.

The second portion of the work, the history of art in Judæa and Asia Minor generally, will be of a wider interest to the majority of readers. M. Perrot does not attempt to decide the priority of the Sardi in point of time over the Hittites, although he hints that the two peoples, at one time equally barbarous, show the essential difference of their origin. Like the Sardi, the Hittites were brought into contact with the Phœnicians, and at once influenced and were influenced by them in their development. Hittite art, it is true, to the last remained crude and poor; but it furnished the groundwork upon which the people of Anatolia, from Cappadocia to the Levant, brought to bear the current of their several influences. In no country was the development more interesting than in Judæa. Everything is of importance that can in any way throw light upon the history of the country, which, as the cradle of all monotheistic faiths, must have the strongest attractions for us; and we regard the chapter on "the progress of Hebrew art as shown in the building of the temple of Solomon and Hezekiah" as most valuable additions to our store of knowledge. M. Perrot acknowledges with generous frankness the debt of gratitude archaeologists and historians owe to English and American explorers of recent years. It is by them that the Holy Land has been opened up, and many of the obscurities of Bible history cleared away. The Palestine Exploration Fund and the American missionaries, while working quite independently, have amassed treasures of information of which the French author has availed himself, and he places before us the result of their work in a lucid and attractive form. Here, too, the collaboration of M. Chipiez is brought out in a most remarkable reconstruction of the temple of Hezekiah, which differs essentially from all previous plans made by historians and others. The massive central towers of the building bear witness to the survival of Hittite influence, although Phœnician sentiment and work dominate in this magnificent structure; and, if the Jews themselves contributed but little original thought to the design, their love of gorgeous detail incited the workmen employed to unwonted efforts.

M. Perrot's book is, perhaps, scarcely intended for those who only read for amusement; but to students of history and art it will be of inestimable value. The translation by Mr. Gonino does not aim at being literal; but, so far as we have been able to compare it with the original, it renders the authors' meaning correctly.

Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Readers who belong to the younger generation, in 1890, cannot be expected to know more than the names of those true Italian patriots, Daniel Manin, the defender and ruler of Venice in 1849; Mameli and Ugo Bassi, who shared with Garibaldi, in the same year, the noble defence of Rome; Baron Poerio and Professor Settembrini, the faithful upholders of constitutional liberty in Naples, who languished nine dreadful years in the dungeons of Ischia, and in 1859, after their romantic escape at sea, were received in England with the honour due to their unstained integrity; Nino Bixio, the brave and skilful soldier of his country; and Baron Ricasoli, the high-minded, chivalrous, somewhat austere Tuscan nobleman, who on the death of Cavour, in June 1861, took charge of the infant Kingdom of Italy, then in its cradle, and saved it, by uncompromising resolution, from vindictive foes and more dangerous foreign allies. Yet these men, who were personally known to some of the old friends of the Italian national cause, deserve remembrance in history so conceived as to embrace the best examples of public virtue, as

well as the course of political and military transactions, and the triumphs of cunning statecraft in which they had no part. Their behaviour, and that of others like them, wrought the moral regeneration of Italy, gained for her claims the sympathy of all generous minds, and created that unity of sentiment from which the feeling of Italian citizenship has grown up, as strong and firm as any nation of Europe. The accomplished lady who has written this interesting volume of biographical memoirs is not a stranger in English literature; but her long and intimate acquaintance with eminent persons of the National Party in Italy qualifies her for a task which it was desirable to perform while many are still living who can attest the truth of her statements and the justness of her views. We are in a position to recommend her book from some contemporary knowledge of the subject, as hundreds of our own countrymen, thirty years ago, were familiar with all the circumstances of that memorable struggle for Italian independence, and the Neapolitan exiles made numerous personal friends in London. It is, therefore, with sincere confidence and approbation that this volume is accepted from Countess Martinengo Cesaresco as a worthy record of some noble lives which adorned the age now swiftly passing away, but which have bequeathed good and sound achievements to the benefit of freedom in Europe.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

Readers of Thackeray will remember, among that great man's poems, four imitations of Béranger, of which it may be said that they are almost the only translations from one language into another which are in every way equal to the original. One of these four imitations—and the only one which concerns us at present—is that entitled "The King of Yvetot"—a monarch—

Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;

and who, attended by "an old cur," rode abroad daily his realms to see—

While once a year
He called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.

Béranger wrote his ballad as a satire on the high-vaulting ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte; and it has generally been thought that the King of Yvetot, his kingdom, and his peculiarities were all the outcome of the poet's vivid imagination. But Béranger, it seems, had a model: there was such a realm, situated in Anjou, right in the heart of France, and one which existed down to the middle of the seventeenth century, with an hereditary monarchy, its own constitution, and exemption from all tax, toll, and tribute to the King of France. To account for its origin innumerable conjectures have been advanced; but the balance of opinion turns in favour of its foundation by the Frankish King Clothaire I., who may possibly have given to some local chieftain, as a reward for services rendered, the particular immunities included by usage in the unwritten grant of the place—that is, immunity from military service, from taxes, &c. Sometimes the monarch, with a soul above a few acres of land, enlisted of his own free will in the army of his mighty brother of France: thus Robert, King of Yvetot, was a Captain in the Guard of Henry II., and attained some honour for distinguished conduct in the field. But they all bore their honours—which, we may suppose, never blushed very thick upon them—with meekness and discretion, or we should have heard more of them; never trod on the tender corns of his Majesty of France; and so preserved their kingdom and their dignity for many centuries, with their own "silver mintage, high court of justice, stone gibbet, and a line of frontier posts, which the French horse-police did not traverse, and within which the decrees of a French King and the French Parliament were null and void."

Louis XI., the great enemy of feudalism, played for some time with Yvetot, in much the same manner, we may suppose, as a cat plays with a mouse; but, in his Royal clemency, dropped it in the end with nothing worse than a fright and a bit of a shaking. Louis XIV. was not so gracious—in fact, he abolished the petty kingdom of Yvetot, as being, perhaps, a shadow on his glory. The last of his race was Charles, Marquis Du Bellay as well as King of Yvetot, a truly remarkable man. In childhood he had met with an accident, consequent upon the falling-in of a floor, and was a double hunchback: his breastbone protruded in front of his person, and his spine at the back. But he was exceedingly active of body, and was superlatively vain, and, notwithstanding his physical shortcomings, managed to captivate the heart of a beautiful Breton heiress, Helen de Rieux, whose income of 90,000 livres tournois was just equal to his own. Queen Helen was even prouder than her diminutive husband, and declined to go much to Paris, because she would there have to give precedence to the wives of common Dukes and Maréchaux—a thought which made her gorge rise. So the two stayed at home, and practised hospitality on a grand scale to all who chose to partake of it, exacting from all a recognition of their station. Helen's life, we are told, "seems to have been spent in contests on points of obsolete etiquette, which no living scholar could understand without constant reference to the famous Dictionary of Trévoux. It was torture to her if a fair visitor, a step or two below her in the nicely graduated ladder of social precedence, dipped her fingers in the silver bowl of rose-water without waiting till Queen Helen had set the example; and there were at Yvetot certain rules as to the seats to which guests were entitled—a stool for one, a folding chair for another—and all plagiarised from the statelier receptions of the Louvre and St.-Cloud." Charles was just as foolish as his wife, and the most fruitful source of misery to him—a more fruitful source than his premonition of the approaching downfall of his house—was the fact that the *haute noblesse*, men who were his inferiors—satyrs, while he was Hyperion—persistently refused to call him by his Royal title, and would address him simply as the Marquis Du Bellay. His right hand, instead of being kissed by archbishops, bishops, barons, and the rest, was merely shaken, and every shake caused him as much pain, no doubt, as the vultures caused Prometheus when they plucked at his liver.

In maintaining their dignity at a proper level, the Royal pair spent a fabulous sum of money: they were, towards the end of their long lives, made respectively King and Queen of the Egyptians—the wandering gipsies, whose astrologer, Montmirail, acquired an extraordinary influence over Charles. To the gipsies went some of their money; to other sources went more; and, in endeavouring to vie with Louis in the liberality of their presents, they gave away to people, who no doubt laughed in their sleeves when they were not by, a sum equivalent to more than a quarter of a million sterling of our present money. Charles survived his wife, but was never actually deposed, though he lived all his lifetime in mortal dread of this dire calamity. There was never again a King of Yvetot, however, and, when his son and heir made the usual formal request to Louis XIV. for permission to assume the Royal title, it was sternly refused, and the applicant dismissed the Royal presence.

M. R. D.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN UPPER BURMAH.

In pursuit of the rebel leaders, Kan-Laing and Sawyanine, on the northern frontier of Burmah, a force, commanded by Major J. C. Blundell, left Blamo on Dec. 15 to attack the headquarters of the first-named hostile chief at Tonhon. This force consisted of seventy-five men of the 1st Hants Regiment, two guns of No. 6 Bombay Mountain Battery, 240 of the Mogoun levy of Burmese police, and 600 mule-drivers, dhooly-bearers, and camp followers, with 620 mules and ponies. On Dec. 23 Live-Saigni was captured, after some sharp fighting. That village having been burnt, next day the force moved on to Tonhon, where the enemy made a good stand. Kan-Laing made good his escape, crossing the Swalei River. The total casualties in the two days were four men killed, two of whom were native officers, and ten wounded. The force remained at Tonhon ten days, during which time the line of communications to its base, Sikaw, was secured. The troops having been rationed afresh, and all the sick and wounded being transferred to the base, the column started on Jan. 3 for Manton, the headquarters of Sawyanine.

The Swalei River was reached on Jan. 3, at ten in the morning, and it was soon perceived that the work of crossing was one of no small difficulty. Every man was busily engaged in cutting bamboos and constructing rafts. The first raft was launched about midday; one officer and six men attempted to cross with paddles, but the current was too strong, and the raft was swept away, the men landing some quarter of a mile down the river. Then other rafts were built; and, by tying the mule-loading ropes together, one raft was successfully got across at two in the afternoon. This operation was very slow, the ropes constantly breaking. Work was carried on by moonlight until ten o'clock that night. On the following day things went more smoothly. Several small rafts were also made, to be paddled by two natives, which would convey but one man and his kit over at a time. Great difficulty was experienced in taking the mules across, many of them refusing to face the rapid current. However, in the afternoon of Jan. 5 the whole column and its baggage had been successfully got over the river, with only the loss of one mule-driver drowned.

Manton was reached on Jan. 11, when the enemy made but a poor stand. Here was met the Momeit column, which had left the Ruby Mines on Dec. 22. By a curious coincidence, the two columns arrived at Manton at the same time. At first there was considerable danger of their engaging one another in the thick jungle, but the mistake was soon found out by the Hants Regiment sounding their bugle-call. The only casualty in the Momeit column was that of Captain Sewell, 1st Battalion Norfolk Regiment, being severely wounded. Manton now became the headquarters, and parties went out visiting all the villages around, while the natives were peaceably coming in from all sides.

Lousain, a very strong village three miles from Manton, was rather a hard nut to crack. On Jan. 17 a force was sent there capturing and burning the village. Sawyanine led his own troops that day. Major Forrest, of the 1st Battalion Hants Regiment, commanding the party, was very dangerously wounded; and one Goorkha was severely wounded. The column would leave about the end of March, when the station would probably be handed over to the military police.

Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. G. E. Hale, surgeon, Army Medical Staff.

THE LAVERNOCK DROWNING DISASTER.

On Aug. 1, 1888, when the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Welsh Regiment was encamped at Lavernock, near Cardiff, seven young men were unfortunately drowned in the sea by the upsetting of their boat. Much compassion for their fate



MONUMENT IN THE ABERFAN CEMETERY, MERTHYR VALE, OVER GRAVES OF VOLUNTEERS DROWNED AT LAVERNOCK.

was felt in South Wales; and their comrades, the officers, iron-commissioned officers, and privates of the regiment, subscribed for a monument to be erected over their grave in the Aberfan Cemetery, Merthyr Vale. This monument was uncovered, on Sunday, March 23, by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, the ceremony being attended by the entire regiment in uniform, in review order. The Rev. C. J. Thompson, Vicar of St. John's, Cardiff, senior chaplain to the regiment, and the Rector of Merthyr, performed the religious service. The monument consists of a granite base supporting a block of Quarrella stone, weighing five tons, with a white marble shield let into the front, on which are recorded the names and ages of the deceased; above are the arms of the corps cut out of the solid stone, and on the west side there is a cross. On the rock stand piled rifles of real bronze, the muzzles encircled by a cypress wreath. The work has been carried out by Messrs. Corfield and Morgan, of Cardiff, from the designs and under the superintendence of Lieutenant C. B. Fowler, of Llandaff, who is an officer of the corps.

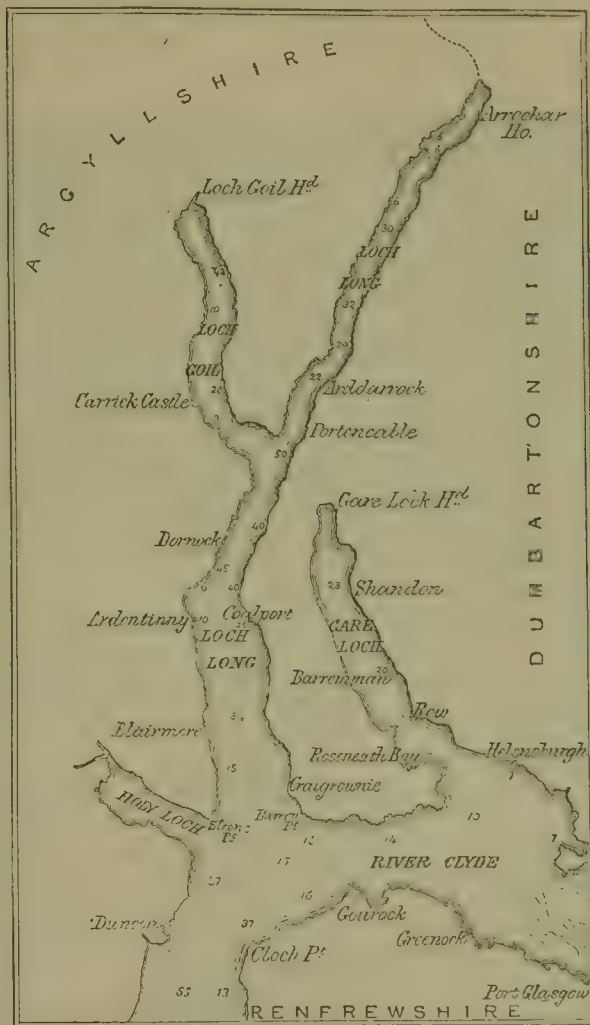
THE DEFILEMENT OF LOCH LONG.

A renewed effort is now being made to put a stop to the abominable and unnecessary practice long carried on by the Clyde Navigation Trustees—that of depositing in Loch Long immense quantities of foul and fetid substance, the dredgings of the neighbouring river, polluted by the sewage of the great city of Glasgow and other towns. Loch Long, with the Holy Loch near its outlet into the Firth of Clyde, opposite Gourock, and with Loch Goil, its western upper branch, surrounded by noble mountains, may be pronounced one of the most beautiful regions of the West Scottish Highlands, and is the most accessible to tourists. The steam-boat trip all the way up Loch Long to Arrochar, from which place it is but a short journey by road to the shores of Loch Lomond, is a delightful excursion. Large numbers of summer and autumn visitors from England, and holiday folk easily coming down from Glasgow by river or railway, have become familiar with the magnificent scenery of these lochs. If Londoners had something like it below Gravesend—a group of sequestered inland waters receding far into the Weald of Kent, winding around the bases of mountain ranges as grand as any in Wales or Cumberland, what would be said of the filthy discharge of our Metropolitan Main Drainage being constantly taken up, at Crossness and Barking, and then artificially conveyed, in vessels constructed for the purpose, to pollute those enchanting secluded lakes, instead of carrying the noisome stuff to the open sea, or using it to fertilise the lower marshes?

Yet this is what is actually done, not by the City Corporation of Glasgow, which contents itself with befouling the upper course of the river just below that city, but by the separate local public body whose business is only to keep the whole river channel clear for ships and traffic. There is a huge mud bank in front of the north shore of the Clyde, from Dumbarton to Greenock, formed by the quantity of solid matter, including the town sewage, which comes down the river. If it were let alone, it would soon obstruct the navigable channel; and it is, therefore, the duty of the Clyde Trustees, by continual dredging, to remove it; but that they should deliberately carry it up Loch Long, in their "hopper-barges," and drop it there, at the rate of a million and a quarter tons yearly, poisoning what Nature made the purest and fairest water in the picturesque inlets of that romantic Highland region, is an act of barbarous stupidity almost incredible, when they could, at a slight additional expense, take it farther away so as to do no harm to any place or people.

It may well be considered that this is not a question of merely local interest—no more than would be the spoiling of Windermere, or the Lakes of Killarney, or the Solent and Southampton Water, by a similar process. Favourite scenes of beauty, famous among the manifold naturally charming resorts of visitors in our common country, are a cherished national possession. Loch Long, with the other waters belonging to it, was not created for a muck-hole of the town-dirt of Glasgow, but for the admiration and enjoyment of mankind, and is part of the ample variety of grand and lovely scenery in the British Islands. But some residents on those shores have lately formed a committee to urge on her Majesty's Government, and perhaps to bring before Parliament, or to assert in a Court of Law, as may appear expedient, the complaint against this monstrous abuse. Mr. Arthur Jevons, of Ben Venla, Lochgoilhead, has written able letters on the subject in the *Times*, from which we learn that the Clyde Trustees are now continuing the obnoxious practice without express lawful authority.

It seems that, twenty-eight years ago, in 1862, permission to dispose in this way of their dredgings was given by the Admiralty, for a limited period, which long since expired. In 1887 memorials from residents, and from fishermen whose industry is seriously affected, were laid before the Secretary for Scotland, praying that the Board of Trade would put a stop to



The figures denote the depth in fathoms.

MAP OF LOCH LONG WITH LOCH GOIL, SHOWING WHERE THE DREDGINGS OF THE CLYDE ARE DEPOSITED.

the injurious practice. Government then deputed Mr. A. E. Fletcher, inspector under the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, and Dr. Littlejohn, medical officer of the Board of Supervision in Scotland, to investigate the alleged nuisance. These two gentlemen fully sustained the allegation of the complainants, Mr. Fletcher closing his report with these words: "The principal source of pollution, that of making Loch Long a receptacle for the refuse of Glasgow and the neighbourhood, may be pointed out as a gross evil, which should now be stopped." On two subsequent occasions the Marquis of Lothian, in the House of Lords, and the Lord Advocate, in the House of Commons, declared that the action of the Clyde Trustees is objectionable: it is not sanctioned by Government, or in any way a proper exercise of legal powers. But since Government has neglected to put a stop to the practice, there must be an appeal to public opinion.

MONASTERIES IN UPPER BURMAH.

Among the many quaint and curious features in Burmese native life, the "Phoongyees," or Buddhist monks, soon attract the attention of European visitors on their arrival in the country. These monks wear a yellow robe, have to beg their food day by day, and may not marry. Any phoongyee is at liberty to go back to the world, if he so desires; but few of the regular monks do so. Every good Burmese has generally, in boyhood or early manhood, to pass a novitiate in a monastery for a period which may vary from a day to many months. He then goes back to his ordinary vocations in the world; or else, if the life suits him, becomes a phoongyee. The kyongs, or monastic dwellings, are usually fine large wooden buildings, adorned with beautiful carving; occasionally they are built of brick. There are several kyongs in the enclosure of a monastery, with sometimes a pagoda or two. Here reside a number of phoongyees, novices, and schoolboys, taught by the monks; for the monasteries are the only schools in the country. In return, the boys assist the monks in keeping the kyong clean, and in fetching water from the river or well, or in other little duties of that kind. There is also a class of female attendants on the pagodas, who may rank as "nuns," though we are not aware of the strictness of their vows. The monastery always has its herd of pariah dogs, and the phoongyees are very fond of them.

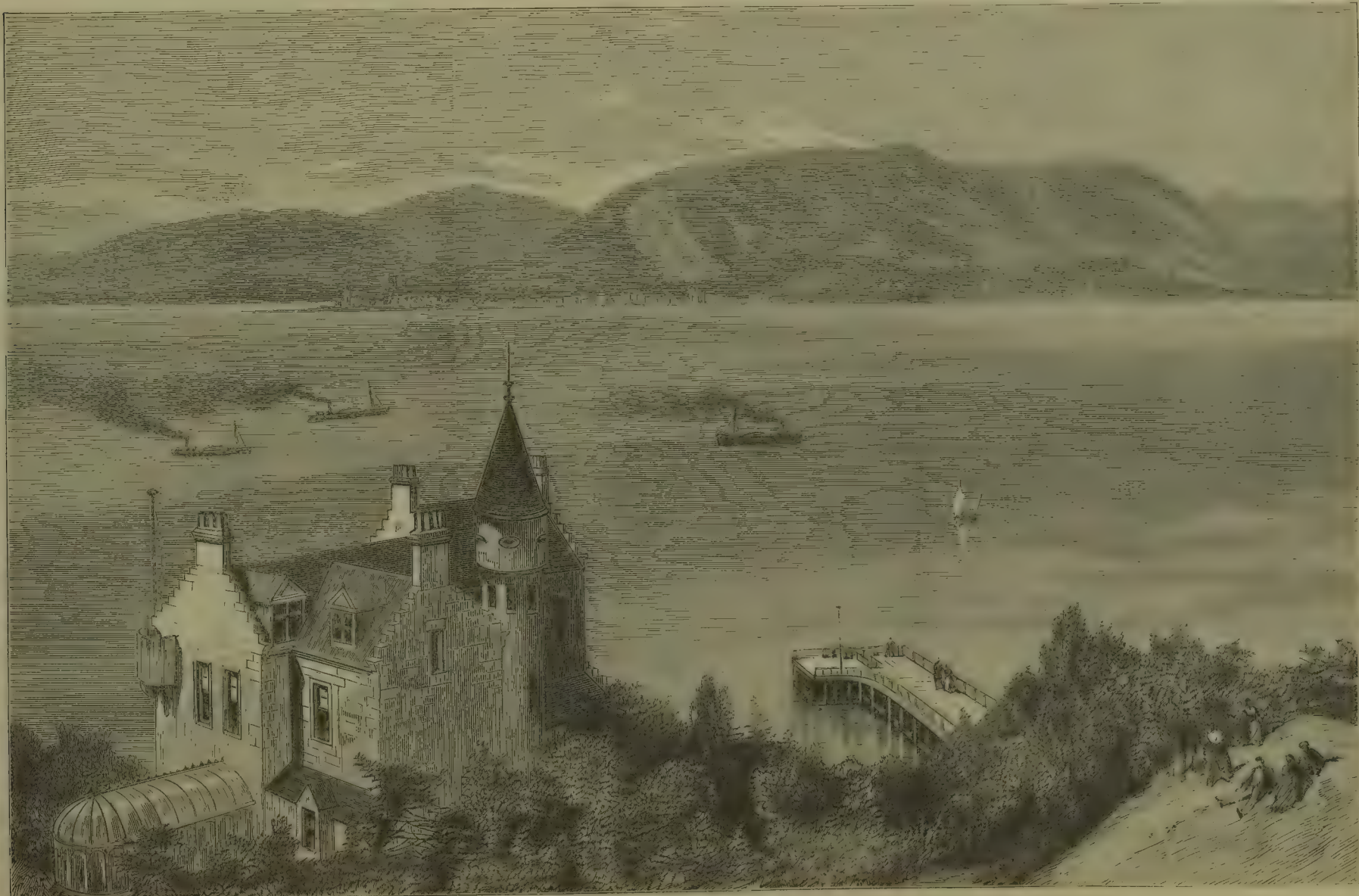
Our illustrations are from photographs by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Service.

PHOTOGRAPHING NATURAL COLOURS.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Standard* supplies an account of the important photographic discovery made by Herr Franz Veress, of Klausenburg, Transylvania. The sample photographs were shown to the correspondent by Professor Eder, of the Photographic Institute at Vienna. The photographs (says the correspondent) are upon glass and upon paper. The former are dia-positives, and if looked through show, for the most part, a beautiful ruby-red ground colour, with a picture in bright, sometimes brilliant, colours, from the deepest hue of ruby red—far deeper than the ground colour—to light orange, with several shades of red and yellow, and from violet to aniline blue, and the intensest, most brilliant blue that can be imagined. The same colours prevail also on the paper positives, which have all a greyish-brown ground colour, upon which the red inclines more to purple than ruby, and the violet is especially brilliant. Green is missing on all positives, and it is not known whether Herr Veress has succeeded in producing it, since the photos now in Vienna were obtained some four weeks ago. The outlines of the pictures are perfectly exact, and each colour stands out from the other with marvellous distinctness. The colours were quite unaffected, and not changed in the slightest degree, after being exposed to the ordinary daylight in Dr. Eder's office for full three weeks. Such permanency of colour on photos has, Professor Eder says, never been known before, and constitutes the principal achievement of the Transylvanian discoverer. It will be necessary, however, to expose the photos to a more severe light experiment before final judgment can be passed.

Mr. Frank Stather Jackson has been appointed Registrar of the Lord Mayor's Court, at a salary of £1000 per annum.

The London County Council, with a vote of thanks to the Corporation of the City, has taken leave of the handsome structure at the Guildhall, where, by courtesy of the ancient civic authority, the weekly and special meetings of the newly created body have been held during the past twelve months. The Council will not meet again until April 22, on which date it purposes to assemble in the chamber which has lately been constructed in connection with the old offices at Spring-gardens.



VIEW OF LOCH LONG, OPPOSITE BLAIRMORE, WITH THE CLYDE DREDGING-BARGES DEPOSITING FOUL MATTER.



BURMESE NUNS OR FEMALE SERVANTS OF THE PAGODAS.



PHOONGYEEES RETURNING WITH ALMS BEGGED FOR THEIR MORNING MEAL.



THE OLD HOME REVISITED.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A LONG-LIVED ANIMALCULE.

The particle of living matter which crawls over the water-weeds, and lives amid decaying matter of all kinds, forms, in its way, a study of most important nature. This particle is microscopic in size. It may average in diameter the one four-hundredth part of an inch or thereabouts, when it gives you a chance of measuring it at all. It is known as the *Amœba*, a word derived from the Greek, and signifying "change." Well is it so named, for it passes its existence in flowing from one shape to another. It is ever in movement, save when it lights upon its bad times, or when certain developmental changes are about to occur in its history. Now it is like some solitary island, with capes, headlands, and promontories jutting out in a sea of its own; then it alters to a rounded shape; and then again pushes out its body into processes and prolongations; and thus lives and moves through the perpetual alterations of its form. Imagine a speck of white of egg to be endowed with a power of independent movement; further, suppose that this living jelly-speck, by pushing out the substance of its body into processes, seized food-particles and engulfed them; and, finally, assume that, by thus shifting its body-shape perpetually, it was able to move through the water or over any surface on which it might happen to reside—and you have a picture, bare in outline, it is true, but substantially correct, of the amœba-animalcule.

Now, the amœba (which has always formed a type of the lowest animal life), in its way, presents us with certain problems of matter and life which are, indeed, very far from solution. To begin with, it is a speck of protoplasm, as we have seen, and it exhibits life in its simplest guise—yet the puzzle of the animalcule's vitality is, to my mind, as great as is that of the man. Nay, it is even a deeper problem, that of the lower animal's life. For your man has organs where-with to live. He is a complex machine, which lives through the operation of the machinery wherewith it is provided. But your amœba is a piece of vital mechanism, which lives literally without ought to live by or with, save the apparently structureless living matter of which it is composed. A watch goes in virtue of its mechanism, and the man and the watch agree so far in that their actions are performed by the machinery which is characteristic of each. But, while a workless watch is an anomaly of art, it is a reality of nature; and the amœba is a workless watch in the truest sense. Every action is performed by the protoplasm of which its body is built up. One and the same particle of protoplasm seizes food and eats and digests it, moves, and reproduces its like. It is the household of the one servant who performs all the work of the domicile; the higher animal is the house of many servants, each performing his or her share of the duties which fall to be discharged in the maintenance of the family's life. Yet, curiously enough, extremes meet here as elsewhere. If you ask me what it is that performs all the duties of the complex body, I reply, the living cells. As I described them a week or two ago in these pages, I styled them the workers of the body. Each cell is a little speck of living protoplasm; and, if it be true that such cells are the real workers of the human estate, then it becomes clear that the one great difference betwixt man's bodily labour and that of the amœba is that, while the former engages many bits of protoplasm to do his work, the animalcule's duties are performed, each and all, by the same speck of living matter.

There is, however, another trait of amœba-character which is worth thinking over. When new amœbas are to be produced, we see the body of the original animalcule (if so we may term it) simply dividing into two or more parts. Each half, passing away on its own part, begins life as a new animalcule, and only requires to eat and feed that it may become as big as the parent from which it was derived. That parent, however, is still in existence. It may give origin, time after time, to many new amœbas by this simple process of division of the body-substance, or *fission*, as naturalists name this process—the simplest of all fashions in which an animal can reproduce its kind. Note that there is perfect continuity of matter between the amœba and its progeny thus derived from it, by actual division of the parent-substance; and note also that the amœba with which we started may be presumed to have originated in like manner as a detached bit of protoplasm, the offshoot of a previously existing animalcule. The end of this matter is, then, that amœba-protoplasm is, *de facto*, an immortal substance. It can never be said to die, since piece by piece it is divided, but only to increase in size as the new animalcules, and in its turn to hand on the same veritable protoplasm to fresh generations.

This is what Dr. Weismann terms animal immortality of the purest kind. Our amœba never passes out of existence, for its protoplasm will really be handed on and on through all succeeding ages, as it has come down to us intact from the aeons of the past. True, there is always a making of new protoplasm. Animalcules and men alike ingest food, and convert this food into themselves, which is only another way of saying that they make fresh protoplasm to make up for that which has been lost or worn away in the act of living. Yet, there is continuity to be seen notwithstanding this consideration; and the animalcule, in that it hands on its veritable substance to form the next generation, must be held to be as near the immortals in a physical sense as even Dr. Faust could have wished; while, like that mediæval practitioner, the animalcules certainly enjoy a perennial rejuvenescence, and perpetually renew their youth.

How comes it then, one may ask, that in higher animals this physical continuity and immortality of substance is not represented? It is represented, in one sense, whenever an animal or plant hands on the successors it has produced to fight the battle of life. Inheritance—mere vital succession of progeny to parent—is a kind of perpetuation of substance, seen in the very features we inherit from our ancestors. The animalcule, however, shows this kind of perennial vitality most plainly, because in its case we can see how the actual substance of its body is separated to form the new being. And if we finally ask, "Why should the death of the individual be common in higher life when it is apparently not so in lower existence?" I can only answer (adopting a familiar suggestion), that in the higher animal or plant, when the task of reproducing its like is laid upon its shoulders, death intervenes. In other words, there is a clearing away among higher forms of the old stock, and a placing of new stock to carry on the work of the species as the result of reproduction. Death is thus the gate of life in a physiological sense. The animalcule never dies, but trudges on its existence unchanged and unchanging. Your higher organism, requiring greater vitality, gains such increased and fuller life from the sacrifice of the parent-existence; and death is the penalty we pay for advance. On "our dead selves," physically as well as morally, we "rise to higher things."

ANDREW WILSON.

The Portrait of the late Bishop Callaway, published last week, is from a photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, of Brighton.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. BACKHOUSE.—We do not publish problems in so many moves. Your composition is rather a study in an end-game than a problem, and White's third move can be made to any one of four squares.

C. S. ELLIS (Aberystwyth).—To explain chess notation would take up our whole column for weeks. Any handbook of the game will give you full information.

M. B. (Eton).—Your problem is not without merit, but it is too faulty for publication. A great point in two moves is that there should be after any move of Black only one made in reply. In yours there are three in several cases. The first move also is too obviously powerful.

F. J. L.—Received, with thanks.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—Marked for consideration. But we have so many two-move problems that our standard is rather high, and yours does not come up to it.

G. W. ALLEN (Manchester).—You are quite correct in regard to No. 2390. It has two solutions, unfortunately; but to one of your evident analytical skill there can be no doubt which is the author's.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2392 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province) and W. Bush (Colorado Springs); of No. 2393 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry, F. Smece, C. W. von Alten (Goshen, Wyoming), and W. L. James (Bangalore); of No. 2395 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal) and T. U.; of No. 2397 from Dr. F. N. Banks, An Old Lady (Paterson), Dr. F. St. St. T. and Solersides; of No. 2398 from Dr. F. St. St. T. Marshall, Sis. T. Purfoy, Poe, T. N. Smaile, Rev. F. J. Middlemist, J. H. Bunting, Delta, G. L. Smith (Shrewsbury), E. E. (Brussels), J. G. Tilland (Bristol), O. N. Gantzburg (Warschau), C. Finley Barr, E. K. J. Miles (Barnet), F. G. Washington (Sidenup), H. Chown, W. Scott McDonald, and M. A. Eyre.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2399 received from Thomas Chown, Dr. F. St. St. T. Worters (Canterbury), J. Miles, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), H. Benham (Beylind), D. W. J. Coud, M. Mulendoff, N. Harris, F. Smece, A. Newman, E. Casella (Paris), J. D. Tacker (Leeds), E. K. Mish, R. Rutter, J. J. P. Junior, G. L. Smith, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. Biddle, Ph. L. (Hanover), R. F. N. Banks, Julia Short, Solersides, R. Percy Smith, W. Righy, R. H. Brooks, R. Fernando, E. Louden, D. McCoy (Galway), Captain J. A. Challice, E. Phillips, G. W. Allen, W. L. Baillem, T. Roberts, J. Ross (Whitley), Shadforth, M. Knipe, G. Meursius (Brussels), W. David, Alphon, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and J. R. Simons.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2397.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

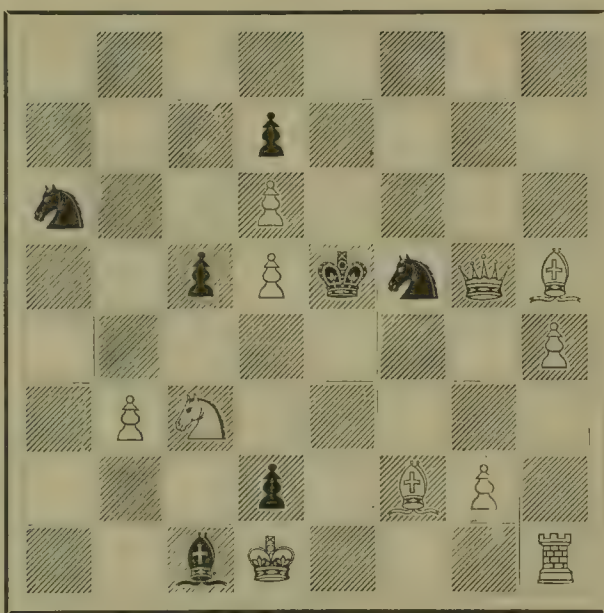
WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to R 2nd. Kt to B 2nd
2. B to Kt 2nd (ch). K to K 3rd
3. Q to B 8th. Mate.

If Black play 1. P to Kt 4th, then B to B 5th; if 1. K to K 5th, Q to K 2nd (ch); and if 1. B to Kt 2nd, the reply is 2. Q takes B (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2401.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN EDINBURGH.

Game played in the recent Edinburgh v. Newcastle match between

Mr. C. W. BELL and Mr. W. W. ROBERTSON.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to B 3rd	Q to Kt 4th (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to K B 3rd	P to B 3rd
4. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	16. Kt takes Kt (ch)	B takes Kt

Both the text-move and P to Q Kt 3rd are frequently played at this point, but B to K 5th, or the less practised Kt to K B 3rd, are perhaps more satisfactory defences.

5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. B to Q 2nd P to Q 3rd
7. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
8. Castles Q R Castles

Considering White's facilities for attack on the King's side, B to K 3rd—reserving the option of castling on either side—was preferable.

9. P to K R 3rd B to K 3rd
10. B to Kt 4th

Well played! White can afford the sacrifice of a P to clear the K file.

11. P takes B B takes B
12. Q to R 3rd Kt takes P
13. Kt to Q 5th Kt to B 3rd

Very forcible, compelling Black further to weaken his position by advancing the K R P.

14. B to Kt 4th

15. Q to R 2nd. Mate.

16. Kt to K 3rd

17. B takes B

18. Kt to K 2nd

19. P to B 3rd

20. K to Kt sq

21. P to K Kt 4th

22. P takes P

23. Q takes Q

24. R takes R P

25. P to Kt 3rd

26. R takes P (ch)

27. R takes B P

28. R takes P, and wins.

29. R takes P, and wins.

30. R takes P, and wins.

31. R takes P, and wins.

32. R takes P, and wins.

33. R takes P, and wins.

34. R takes P, and wins.

35. R takes P, and wins.

36. R takes P, and wins.

37. R takes P, and wins.

38. R takes P, and wins.

39. R takes P, and wins.

40. R takes P, and wins.

41. R takes P, and wins.

42. R takes P, and wins.

43. R takes P, and wins.

CHESS IN SUNDERLAND.

The following smart little skirmish occurred during Mr. BIRD's recent visit to the North. It was one of fifteen simultaneous games, his opponent being Dr. J. R. MARSHALL.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Dr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Dr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	9. P takes Kt was no better.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	10. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	11. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	B takes Kt
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
5. B takes Kt			

Mr. Bird's favourite method of attack.

6. Kt to B 3rd

7. P to Kt 4th

8. B to Q 3rd

9. P to K 5th

Very fine play, and characteristic of the master who is manipulating the White pieces.

At the annual general meeting of the City of London Chess Club, held on

March 31, Mr. James Kershaw was elected president, Mr. Gastineau was re-elected treasurer, and Mr. Adamson was re-elected secretary, his resignation not being accepted. The report and balance-sheet showed the club to be in a prosperous state. Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Gunsberg were among the speakers, and much enthusiasm was displayed by the meeting. All the honorary members were re-elected, and the following gentlemen were elected members of the managing committee: Mr. Anger, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Block, Mr. Cutler, Mr. Heppell, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Hoake, Mr. Herbert Jacobs, Mr. Lord, Mr. Rodpath, Mr. Ross, Mr. Serrallier, Mr. Smith, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Woon. After the meeting closed there was a supper party, at which the new president ably presided.

Herr O. Muller gave an exhibition of blindfold play at the Kentish Town Chess Club on March 21, when he met five opponents simultaneously. Against these he won two, lost two, and drew one.

The great annual match between the East and West of Scotland came off at Stirling on March 22. There were ninety-three players a side, and, in all, 132 games were played. After four hours' fighting, the West proved victorious, with a score of 81½ against 47½ for the East.

"MORE EASILY IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED!"

I do not know what may be the reader's feelings when, in the pages of the novelist, he comes (only too often) upon that ancient and most familiar collocation of words—"More easily imagined than described"; but I am free to confess that my own are those of indignation and disgust. With writers of fiction it is, as we all know, a favourite phrase; but there are a good many favourite phrases which, like Mr. Dick's allusion to the head of Charles I., we could willingly dispense with. As for this particular one, I am inclined to regard it as the climax, the apex, the topmost stone of their offences. Do they employ it, I wonder, from incapacity, or sheer idleness? Do they put it forth as a sly jest at the expense of the reader, or is it intended to help themselves out of an embarrassment? Well, if it be an evasion, we shall not think the better of it; for, before all things, a writer is expected to tread the path of honesty, and never to slip aside into any *ambages*, any devious byways of craft and subtlety. I conceive that in no circumstances can its employment be satisfactory to his readers! Here is my guide, philosopher, and friend piling up the agony with laborious care—accumulating detail upon detail so as to increase the force of the scene or incident—drawing upon all his finest images and vividest colours, and then, when the tension is at the utmost, pouring a douche-bath of disappointment on our unexpectant heads in the shape of that unhappy phrase—"More easily imagined than described!"

Is not this adding insult to injury? With cordial hands we approach our novelist. We ask him for some of his best bread, and he knocks us down with a stone! For he knows—yes, he *knows*—that we, his readers, haven't a pennyworth of imagination among us; or why should we be reading *his* books? We have come to him, trustingly, in order that he may supply us with the divine afflatus which we so grievously lack. It is his duty, therefore, to do the imaginative, and then to make it clear to us by description. And yet—oh! the shame of it!—he puts us off with a wave of the hand, and a curt assurance that it can be—"more easily imagined than described." Alas! and alas! *we can't imagine it at all!* When Leonora's head has sunk on Edgar's loyal breast, at the very moment that the husband who deserted her seven long years ago returns, with a thick beard, and a bowie-knife in his waistband, what is the good—what, I say, is the utility—of telling me that their emotions are "more easily imagined than described"? Perhaps they are; but, never having deserted my wife, nor made love to a lady whose husband has deserted *her*, I have no "data" as the political economist says, to go upon. I was reading, not long ago, a moving narrative in a work of fiction: a young and beautiful lady is run away with—by her horse; the young and gallant gentleman who aspires to be her suitor, perceiving her danger, dashes after her, overtakes her, and, as he sweeps past, snatches her from her recalcitrant steed (how *did* he do it?), receives her in his arms, pulls up, and dismounts, still embracing his "lovely burden." Then, discovering that she has swooned, he lays her gently on the wayside bank, fetches water (in his hat) from a convenient spring, and sprinkles it on her "exquisite countenance." The colour returns to her lips and her cheeks—she slowly opens her eyes—and—her lover's "feelings may be more easily imagined than described"! At this well-known phrase I put down the book in high dudgeon. I had read so far precisely for the purpose of getting an insight into the sentiments of a young gentleman placed in so remarkable a situation. I said to myself, Here will be a bit of delicate description such as Miss Rh-da Br-ght-n delights in, or a touch of subtle analysis, worthy of the pen of On-da! And then I am fobbed off in this heartless and offensive manner. How was I, who never stopped a runaway horse, or received its lovely burden, to "imagine" the feelings of a hero who has been so exceptionally fortunate? Is the writer laughing at his (or her) readers? Or is he (or she) in a difficulty, and no more able to "imagine" such a concatenation of things than you or I? When I experience such shabby treatment as this, I own to—but no, *my* feelings are more easily imagined than described!

The poet may sometimes resort to a similar manoeuvre; but, at least, he never mocks us with the novelist's cuckoo-like repetition. As for the dramatist, we cannot conceive his venturing to impose any such form of words upon his audience. Fancy Othello winding up his little affair with Desdemona by an assurance that her position may be more easily imagined than described! Or Juliet from her balcony, ignoring Romeo, while she kisses her hand to the stalls, and declares that her passion for the gentle Romeo can be more easily imagined than described! Think of Macbeth, dispensing with all the bloody business of the dagger and Duncan's groans, and, with a placid nod to the gallery, begging them to treat Banquo's business as more easily imagined than described! It will be obvious to the meanest understanding—though there is none such among the readers of this esteemed Journal—that the adoption of the novelist's trite and well-worn phraseology would have deprived the world of much masterly exposition of human motive, much terrible dissection of human weakness, and many passages of the loftiest poetic achievement. At the same time, I am by no means disposed to deny that the formula might advantageously have been utilised in some contemporary dramas. When a heroine discusses *ad libitum* the ethics of adultery, or lingers for half an hour on the stage in the agonies of dissolution, it would be a relief to not a few of us if the dramatist "cut it short" with the intimation that her sentiments or her agonies might "more easily be imagined than described."

For my part, I own myself favourable to the introduction in the present or an early Session of a measure rendering penal the employment, by novelists and romancists, writers of shilling shockers, and makers of fiction generally, of the aforesaid formula, on and after a specified date—say, the first of April following. But at the same time I would have its use stringently enforced upon politicians, critics, philanthropists, social agitators, theologians, and all others who have hitherto acted as if "the cause" or "the truth" could be served only by violent language. Consider what a gain it would be to the general amenity if the Conservative orator when indicting Mr. Gladstone, or the Liberal lecturer when censuring my Lord Salisbury, instead of exhausting the dictionary of all its worst adjectives, were restricted to the simple (and eloquent because simple) statement that his opinion of the right honourable gentleman or the noble Lord could be "more easily imagined than described"! What columns upon columns of verbiage we should be spared! How great would be the benefit all round! And the tirades of atrabilious critics, anxious to demonstrate their ineffable superiority—the effusions of brotherly love with which theological disputants overwhelm one another—the invectives which professional agitators discharge at the in-offensive objects of their scorn—the sharp contentions of would-be reformers, each convinced that the other is irretrievably wrong and inconceivably addle-headed—what a boon it would be to minds perplexed by all this vehemence of prejudice and confusion of thought, if henceforth it were to be taken as "more easily imagined than described!"

But the Millennium cometh not yet!

O. Y.

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PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

It is a commonplace to say that Nature is always the same; but it is equally true and obvious that the way in which Nature exhibits herself differs in every age. It is not, therefore, strange that the manners of our forefathers should appear to us eccentric and their fashions grotesque. We laugh at their odd ways and words, and forget that a hundred years hence our own sayings and doings will appear equally grotesque. Our phrases, our compliments, our dress, many of the books we most admire, perhaps the amusements we most enjoy, including lawn-tennis itself, will be as much things of the past eighty years hence as Dr. Johnson's worsted wig and Goldsmith's bloom-coloured coat.

And, having mentioned dress, I think we may boldly say that the wise persons yet unborn, who may pass judgment on the age which your existence, and mine, reader, makes so dear and pleasant to us, will admit that we have rejected some toilsome and expensive follies. Men with good heads of hair, for instance, don't wear wigs nowadays; and girls don't deform their faces by patches, or their heads by erections "higher than twelve wigs stuck one on the other." That amazing construction the hoop, of which the Queen Anne essayists made such fun, revived again, indeed, thirty years ago in the form of a crinoline. Several ladies were burnt to death in consequence, and many, still more wonderful to relate, preferred ridicule to confined skirts; but we may hope that this absurd cage has gone the way of other fashionable follies, including high heels, which were also common in days long gone by. Our manners, too, under Victoria are more refined than they were under Anne and the Georges. London thoroughfares are not always safe now, especially at night; but the "mohawk" belongs to ancient history, the memory of the garrotter is fading away, and, if it were not for the hideous Whitechapel story, there might be a risk of praising too highly what Charles Lamb called—and he had London in his eye—the "sweet security" of streets. We may not be intrinsically better in heart and life than of yore, but our speech is gentler, and open immorality disqualifies a man for public life, which was not the case when Walpole was Prime Minister. It would be dangerous, in the face of law reports, society gossip, and certain popular novels, to praise the age too highly in this respect; but one can at least see, and be thankful in seeing, that several gross abuses have disappeared.

The scenes represented in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," in the biography of Colley Cibber's daughter, and even in Fanny Burney's "Evelina," are as impossible now as the revival of the Inquisition; and, while prisons are still indispensable, they are no longer sinks of vice and the breeding-ground of fever. We have ceased to burn witches, to employ the hideous machinery of the press-gang, to cut off ears, to put men in the pillory, to hang for theft, to punish for opinion. The heads of statesmen are not in danger, except from overwork; and if party spirit still generates contempt for an opponent's judgment, we do not on that account accuse him of being a knave. A man may be a "Home Ruler" without being accounted a traitor; he may be a "Unionist," and yet be considered a sincere lover of his country. Opposition is as disagreeable to us as it was to our forefathers, but we are more tolerant, and have learnt that arguments are not made forcible by kicking.

And the same difficult lesson has been acquired by theologians. The piety that under Mary Tudor was "tried in the fire" for not acknowledging the "Real Presence," and the piety that suffered equally for believing in it under Elizabeth,

are alike tolerated in the Victorian age. There is the freest liberty of prophesying everywhere, and the devout lover of truth has, I was about to say, no chance of dying for his creed. But there is a chance yet. He can follow in the gracious steps of Father Damien, or he can take up his cross as a missionary among cannibals.

"What a fortunate time we live in!" exclaims the young reader of 1890; and possibly, in some respects, we are nearer the golden age than in the days when England was perversely called "Merry." At no period, indeed, of which we read in history can the term have been rightly applied to this country, and in our anxious days the application of such a title would be especially ridiculous.

Englishmen think too much, and work at too great a pressure, and live in too damp and unless a climate to indulge greatly in mirth. There is no exhilaration in the air. Our highest attainment is cheerfulness, and joy is a gift as rare almost as genius. Something like it—too often a shadowy likeness—comes to the young man and maiden when for the first time they exchange eyes, but love-making, always difficult, has tenfold more obstacles in its way than in a simpler state of society, and many a girl who would have been happily married in the olden time "grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

And in self-defence the women who cannot be wives strive, not without reason, to obtain an independence. If husbands are not to be had, or are not desired, a good income is worth struggling for; and such is the energy of what used to be called the "weaker sex" that, if once they resolve to win their way to fame and fortune, they have a reasonable prospect of gaining both. The intellectual achievements of young ladies are a significant sign of the times, and a man modestly conscious of his ignorance is apt to feel a little shamefaced in the presence of Newnham and Girton scholars. Possibly, in the good days coming, woman's rights may triumph, and man will humbly occupy the subordinate place for which Nature designed him.

Already the happy period has been foretold in verse:—

When some, now unborn, Pollie
Her head with science crams;
When the girls make Greek iambs,
And the boys black-currant jams;
When the good man's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,
And the good wife reads her Plato
In her own sequestered room.

By the way, it is a notion of mine that the extraordinary cultivation of the age may ultimately yield a crop of very dull and even stupid people. The modern mind has not a chance of being left to Nature's teaching, to the breezes and the dews of heaven, but is forced in a hotbed, and the process, successful for immediate show, will perchance end in deterioration. Competition and coaching, and the examinations which are said to grow in difficulty year by year, have their advantages, as some of us know well; but we don't know, as our great-grandchildren will, the final issues of the system. Then, the astounding growth of great cities, no slight evil now, will become the most intricate of problems a century hence, when London may stretch to Brighton. Queen Elizabeth dreaded the evils likely to result from overcrowding in her day, but what would she say now? I wonder, too, if we have the stamina for hard work that distinguished our forefathers. The work is done, no doubt, but at what cost? Physicians tell us that all nervous diseases are largely on the increase, and this in spite of the alleviations of toil provided by modern science. We travel all

over the globe in search of health, while our grandfathers were content with a visit to Bath or Tunbridge Wells. We know, or think we know, all the secrets of the body as well as of the atmosphere, and yet how rare it is to meet with a person who feels thoroughly well. Despite our vaunted science, when an epidemic comes we are as helpless as ever, and a microscopically small insect knocks us over like ninepins. It is well it should be so, perhaps, or "man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority," and professing fully to understand the laws of nature, might be apt to think himself the master of the world, in which, for a few days and years, he plays his little part. I wonder whether, as knowledge "grows from more to more," wisdom will decline, and what kind of prophets will be listened to in the twentieth century.

J. D.

Major-General Sir Richard Harrison, Governor of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, has been appointed to command the Western District of Devonport, vice Major-General Sir H. C. Elphinstone.

On April 1 the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge contended, in the Racquet Court at Queen's Club, West Kensington, in the annual four-handed or "doubles" racquet-match, which was well fought out, and ultimately Cambridge was victorious by four games to three.

The Marchioness of Bute has erected a handsome chapel to the memory of the late Lord Howard of Glossop, on the remote island of Canna, in the Hebrides. The chapel, erected at a cost of £3000, is intended for the accommodation of the natives, numbering ninety, who are engaged in lobster-fishing and in keeping their crofts.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a silver medal and diploma awarded by the Spanish Government to Mr. Andrew Hughson, master of the steamship Robert Harrowing, of Whitby, in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the Spanish vessel Joven Vicenta, which was wrecked at Cape Gata on June 23 last.

The annual meeting of the University College Hospital was held on March 28, Mr. Arthur Prevost presiding. The report stated that the donations, by comparison with those of 1888, showed a falling off of £609, and the annual subscriptions a decrease of £111. Owing to the previous existing debt, the year closed with an indebtedness of £10,000 to the bankers and tradesmen.

The London Cart Horse Parade is becoming quite a recognised institution. Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Walter Gilbey, Professor Pritchard occupied the chair at a meeting on April 1 of the executive of the society, which is promoting this interesting annual display, when it was arranged that the next parade should be held within the Inner Circle of Regent's Park, on Whit Monday, May 26, entries to close nine days before that date.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in a letter to a friend, gives the following details of his settlement in the island of Samoa: "I've arranged for the purchase of 400 acres of land within a mile or two of Apia, and I hope to have a house there and to make it a home for myself and wife. It's a delightful place, on a piece of rising ground, with a splendid view of the country and the sea beyond. Sydney and Auckland are not far off, as things go. As a speculation from a business point of view, the affair would be madness. But it will serve my purpose. Miles away from England or America I certainly shall be, but I shall be secluded, free from visitors, able to please myself, and untroubled by anybody."

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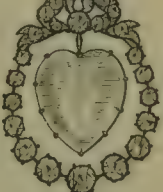
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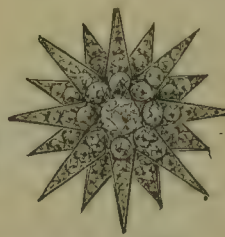
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

When one hears the rather assuming and pretentious little wife of a R.A. or an A.R.A. talking about the visitors of "Studio Sunday," one is shocked at the tone she takes, the air of intense boredom she puts on, and the tales she tells of how people besiege her husband's work-room, and how she has to lock up her own sitting-rooms to prevent them over-running those also. Perhaps she was a bride within the last decade, and will add how her old silver wedding-presents were handled and moved about in her drawing-room, "because I was young then, and did not know how necessary it was to keep my drawing-room door locked." Or perhaps she will refer at length to a visit once paid to her husband's studio by the good-natured Prince, and tell a wild tale of how the housemaid, growing confused with the swarm of visitors who also tried to enter, first refused admission to an equerry, and then invited the Royal footmen to step into the studio; "but the gentlemen said, Ma'am, they'd rather not come in." Or she will tell how hard she vainly tries to train her parlour-maid to keep out intruders. So she chatters on, and one looks at her across the cup of afternoon tea and inly vows that it will require a very pressing invitation to draw one, when next "Show Sunday" comes round, to the studio of the particular artist encumbered by that particular wife for hostess. It is rarely the men themselves who talk in this assuming style. As was said of Sir Walter Scott in the height of his fame, and his good wife's airs: "The flame of adulation passes through the clear glass of his intellect without doing any damage; but the little piece of paper that lies beside it will soon be in a blaze—the heat is too much for it." The artist himself, reminded constantly (if he be truly an artist) from within of the inferiority of his performances as measured against his conceptions, and from without by the competition and the pressure of the world, that he is not so very superior, after all, to the rest of the human race, is rarely guilty of such pretentious affectations of social superiority.

But, absurd though it appears when one listens to such talk from a mere nobody, it is not to be denied that artists find their hospitality much abused on "Show Sunday." People they do

know slightly not merely come without special invitation but bring half a dozen others in their train. Worse even than that, a whole crowd of people will come who absolutely do not know the artist the least bit. On the recent "Show Sunday" of this year I was in the studio of a rising young artist, where just at the moment there were, besides myself, only the host and two other men. Presently there was a ring, and when the servant opened the door there trooped in a whole lot of people—about a dozen. The young artist, expecting the advent of a familiar face, did not move from the place where he stood: rooted to the floor, he watched, without a word, the incursion of the horde of strangers. They, on their parts, did not know which of the three men they found in the studio was the artist. So, silently and ungreeted, the party filed in—silently they stood, and stared a few moments at the pictures—and then mutely they all flocked forth again. Not one of them knew the painter, nor he them! It was a comical sight. This little tale is literally true; and I understand that the best-known artists are specially victimised in like manner. People go totally uninvited to what is as essentially a private party as a ball or a dinner.

But, ah me! there is something more sad than an overcrowded studio on this day of the year, and that is an empty one! Such a sight it was I once happened upon, by chance, in one of those curious artistic colonies in London which (if the thing may be said) remind one of a rabbit-warren: not houses, but studios only, where you pop in at one door and then in at another in all directions. We tapped at the wrong door, seeking an acquaintance, and it was opened by an eager-faced thin young fellow, with an old coat on, buttoned tightly up to the chin. "No, Mr. — does not live here," he said; "but will you come in and see my pictures now you are here?" So we went in. No artistic properties, no bright hangings, or Turkey carpets, or old tapestry, or Venetian chairs, or satin-covered couches here—only a bare desolate room, with one or two poor pictures standing on easels, about which not much could be said. The door of the silent studio closed behind us, and we felt in a moment the gloom of failure. All the sunshine and bustle, the eager crowding, the curiosity, the flattery, the interest, the gay amusement in which we had been moving for hours suddenly seemed shut out. Our newly

made acquaintance had soon told us his story: how he had always lived in Cornwall, and studied there till a year or two before he had got a picture hung in a good gallery, and on the strength of that had come to London; how he shared this studio with another country-bred and unknown artist, who had not put up his pictures for show, or come down himself, saying, without any self-deception, perhaps with bitter candour, that he knew nobody in London, so how should anybody come to see him? Our friend had been less modest: he had put up his pictures for show, but on every line of his face was written the cruel fact that nobody had come! Yes, fame has its penalties; but will he who feels them dare to grumble at his crumpled rose-leaves when he thinks of the wormwood that bestrews the bed of failure and the rue of hope deferred?

There are young artists who already have the crowd. There is, for instance, Mr. Solomon, whose studio was so besieged that people had to enter in detachments to see his "Hercules taking the Girdle of the Queen of the Amazons." Or Mr. Llewellyn, who has many good portraits to show, and is just about to do that of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. Or Mr. Thaddens, whose admirable portraits of old Professor Owen and Mr. W. T. Stead drew crowds of friends to his picturesque studios, hung with so many trophies of foreign travel, and decorated with such interesting objects as the artist's portrait from life of the present Pope, and an engraving of his portrait of Mr. Gladstone, framed in oak cut down by the subject and having his own autograph written beneath. Or Mr. Dampier May, whose pictures of two pretty little girls, the daughters of Lady Beatrice Lister Kaye and Lady Blandford respectively, remind one of Reynolds. Or Mrs. Henrietta Rae, whose "Ophelia before the King and Queen" will probably be one of the most noted pictures of the year. But there are other young artists whose studios are not so thronged with friends and strangers, but who, on the contrary, see the world drift past their doors forgetting or ignoring their existence. So, while studio crowds mean fame and position, no fear that the artists will close their studios to the sightseers.

Mrs. Jopling has several pictures for this year, but not one large or very important. There are a pretty little boy saying his prayers in his nightgown, a yet more pretty young

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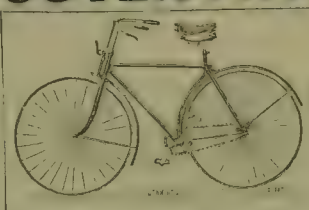
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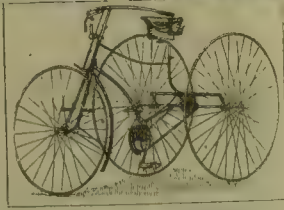
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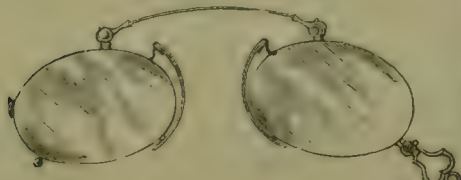
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woman with a jar of tulips, a girl in rather old-fashioned costume carrying a bunch of mimosa and forget-me-nots in a basket, and one or two portraits. Her studio parties are always interesting, for she knows so many people who are "somebody" in literature and art. The best gown I saw that day was worn by Mrs. Edmeston (Madame Zimari), at Mrs. Jopling's: a handsome Redfern costume of dark-blue rough-faced cloth, with a narrow vest of tan cloth, gold buttons, and elaborate braiding with gold and blue braid. The sleeves were made in a novel fashion, a wide upper sleeve to the elbow of the blue cloth with a tighter sleeve of tan appearing beneath it to the wrist. Among my various hostesses, the most picturesque figure was certainly the Hon. Mrs. John Collier, who, rising from a couch draped with pink satin to welcome her guests, was clad in a pretty tea-gown of the softest green, with a loose white front. Mr. Collier's picture of "The Death of Cleopatra," by the way, is a very striking composition; and he has another, a pretty figure of a girl asleep (the model being Mrs. Collier), in which the artist has shown that the lion abroad may be played with like the most benignant of creatures at home, for the sleeping young woman is sarcastically called "Study," and the volume that has carried her so sweetly to repose is lettered on the back—"Lay Sermons, Huxley"—the work of the artist's father-in-law! Mrs. Henrietta Rae wore a grey-green plush tea-gown, with some fine old lace down the front; while Mrs. Jopling was trim in a tailor-made fawn-coloured cloth dress, with deep belt of brown velvet. Mrs. Orchardson wore the plainest of black silks.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The governors of the London Hospital have authorised the expenditure of £7000 on sanitary improvements.

MUSIC.

Performances of operas in English were announced at the Standard Theatre, by Mr. J. W. Turner's company, beginning on Easter Monday.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are approaching the end of the thirty-fourth annual season, the eighteenth performance of the series having taken place on April 5. This concert brought forward, in the double capacity of composer and pianist, Mr. F. Lamond, a young Scotch gentleman, who has attained celebrity as a skilful executive artist—a pupil of Liszt—and likewise by several compositions, the most important of which is a grand orchestral symphony, which was performed at Glasgow last December. The work comprises four divisions, in each of which there is much effective writing, clear in development and well laid out for the orchestra. Its success was decided, as was that of the composer, in his powerful rendering of M. Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in C minor. Of the symphony and the pianist we shall doubtless soon have occasion to speak further. At the concert now referred to Misses Damian and M. Davies were the vocalists.

That thriving establishment the Guildhall School of Music recently gave a students' concert, at which a pleasing cantata, entitled "Gwen," was produced. The book is founded on a Welsh legend, the music being composed by Mr. J. H. Parry. The work will, we believe, shortly be repeated at St. James's Hall, together with "Nebuchadnezzar," an oratorio by the father of the composer of the cantata just named.

The progress of taste for music of a high class at the East-End of London is being gradually more and more developed. The "Messiah" was recently given, at the opening of the

third local Easter Musical Festival, in the Assembly Hall, Mile-End; important concerts having followed on subsequent days. Music also is assuming large proportions at the performances given by the Popular Musical Union at the People's Palace. "Elijah" was recently given there, with the requisite choral and orchestral accessories.

Easter Monday was celebrated musically at the Royal Albert Hall, where a concert was announced with a programme including many and varied attractions, vocal and instrumental.

A reception was given on April 2 by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons to Sir Charles and Lady Hallé previous to their departure for Australia. The rooms in Great Pulteney-street and Golden-square were brightly decorated with drapery and flowers, and, extensive as they are, they scarcely sufficed for the enormous gathering by which the eminent violinist and her husband, the distinguished pianist, were welcomed. There were mottoes expressive of wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the artists who have so long contributed to high-class executive musical art in this country, and who are about, for the first time, to contribute to the enjoyment of musical circles in the Antipodes. Sir C. and Lady Hallé were received by Mr. H. J. Broadwood, Mr. F. Rose, and Mr. Hipkins, as representatives of the great firm whence have, for many years, issued pianofortes of a degree of excellence such as leaves nothing for the imagination to desire. Two instruments of the highest class have been sent out to Australia in advance of the departure of the executants.

Besides the music of Good Friday referred to last week, special performances of a sacred character were given on the afternoon and evening of that day by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at St. James's Hall.

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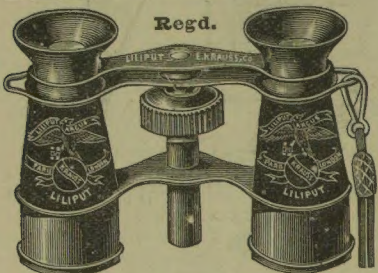
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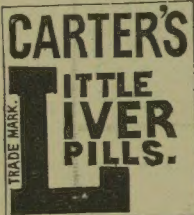


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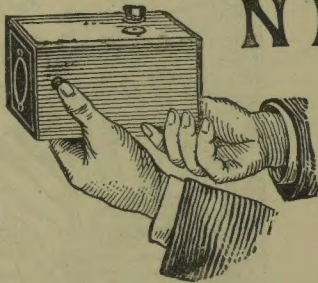
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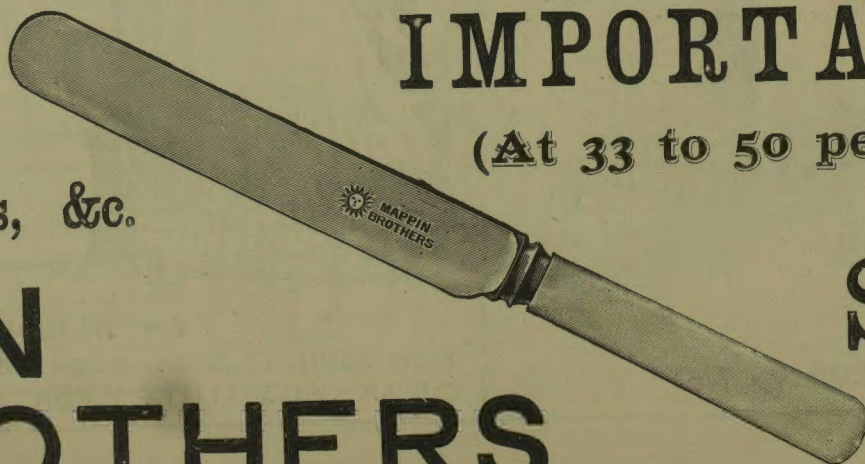
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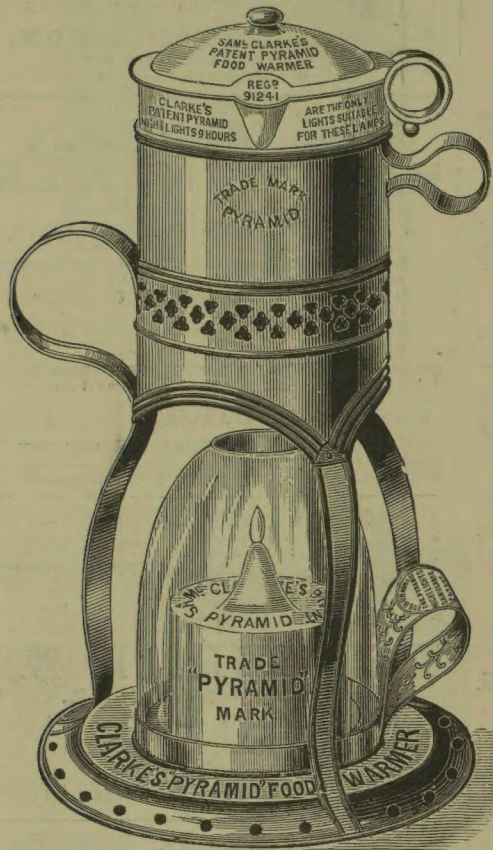
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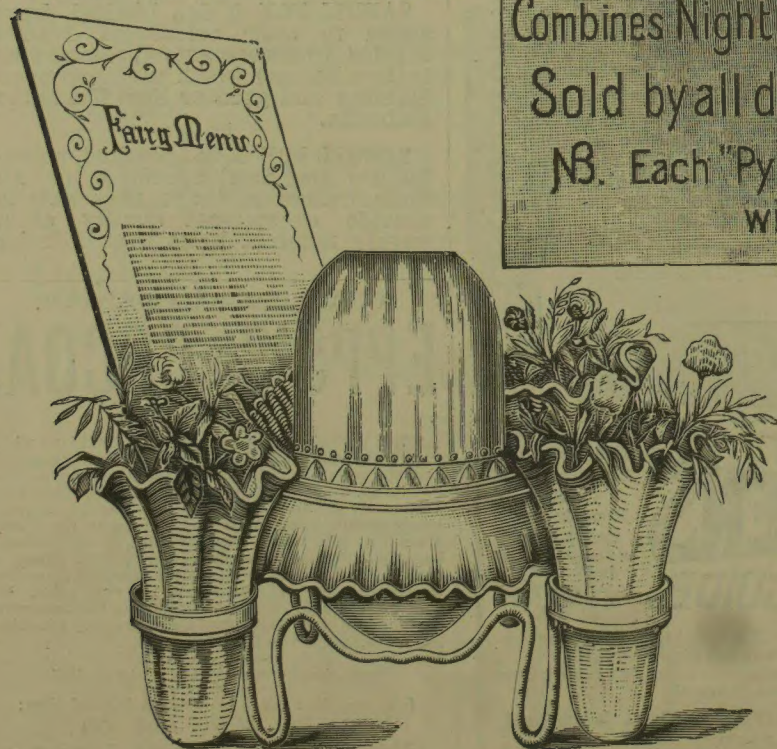
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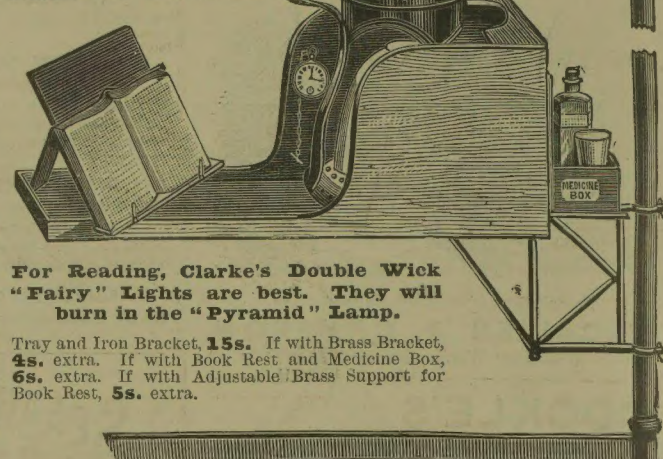
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as everything required for use can be put on the
Tray. The Tray is adapted for use in con-
nection with CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" FOOD
WARMER, and when not required can be returned
to the wall in such a manner as to SHADE THE PERSON IN
BED FROM THE RAYS OF THE LIGHT.
Invalids will find it a GREAT COMFORT, for any book,
plate, basin, &c., can be placed thereon ready for use, and
obtained without altering the position in bed. By means of
a Slide, the Tray can be pulled forward to the position or
length required. IT IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE
MEDICAL PROFESSION, and can be obtained from most
dealers in CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND FAIRY LAMPS,
or from the Manufacturer.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST
TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.
THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.
IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY.
USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.
No paraffin or other dangerous material
Used in their manufacture.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LAMP, WITH ONE
"PYRAMID" LIGHT, COMPLETE, IN BOX, for 4d.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
Insist upon having the Lamp, with one
"Pyramid" Light, complete in Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
THE CHEAPEST, SAFEST, AND MOST
PERFECT NIGHT LIGHT.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S NEW "PYRAMID" NURSERY
LAMP, 2s. 6d. each.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED NURSERY
PANNIKIN. Do not have any other.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LAMPS ARE SOLD
IN BOXES ONLY, with one "Pyramid" Light com-
plete for 4d.

Lines on BURNING one of CLARKE'S
NIGHT LIGHTS:

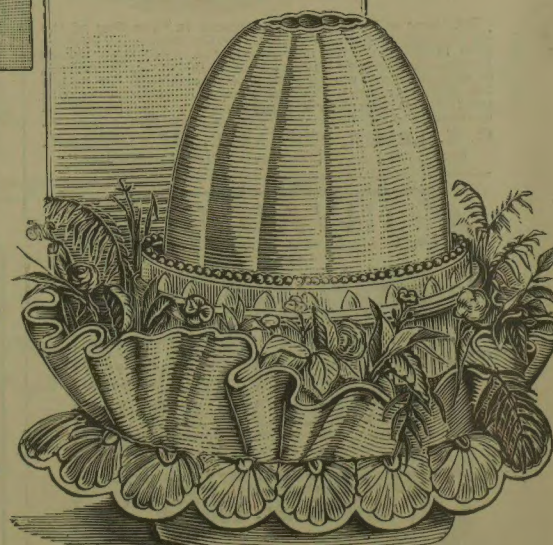
"When nights are dark
Then think of Clarke,
Who's hit the mark precisely,
For his night lights
Create light nights,
In which you see quite nicely."—W.E.

MORAL.—IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP
SAFELY AND SAVE YOUR PROPERTY USE
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S
"FAIRY-PYRAMID" MENU LAMP.



Fairy Menu



No. 228, with Ruby or other Coloured Verre Miroir
Shade and Menu Card, 5s. each.